HYMENÆUS

Cantabrigienſis.

di.
Lib: 5 Ro: Lincoln: ex dono Rev: admodū Viri Joh: Copleston
Coll: Regalis Præpoſiti, et Acad: Cant: Pro-Cancellarij.

CANTABRIGIÆ:
Ex Officina *Johannis Hayes*, celeberrimæ Academiæ
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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA
DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

Augustissimo, Potentissimoque

Carolo Secundo

Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, & Hiberniæ

MONARCHÆ,

Patriæque Patri,

Musarum Cantabrigiensium

HYMENÆUM

In Illustrissimorum Principum

GEORGII DANI,

ANNÆque BRITANNICÆ

NUPTIAS

Auspice Rege, Regiaq; Pronubâ celebratas

Humillime. D.D.D.

Johan. Coplestón, *Coll. Regal. Præpositus, & Academiæ Cantab. Procancellarius.*

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

ECce! etiam veſtri Pars & nos parva triumphi;
Accinit exiguo Pronuba *Granta* choro.
At vix ſollicito, vix demum, anxia timore,
Accedit votis tardior illa ſuis.
Salvus es ô nimium duris exercite fatis!
Egregia ô juſti, *Carole*, cura poli.
Salvus es, & magno nubit pulcherrima *Cymbro*
Anna decus patriæ, Deliciæque ſuæ.
Hoc & cognatæ coierunt fœdere gentes,
Cum Thameſis ſocias miſcet & Albis aquas.
Quid potuere Dii felici optatius horâ?
Pulcrius aut magni quid potuere Dii?
Audiat hæc, toties fruitur quæ vulnere noſtro,
Subſidatque lacu craſſa *Geneva* ſuo.
Audiat & verſare dolos doctiſſima *Roma*,
Et ſi qua *Angliacis* terra inimica plagis.
Audiat & timeat, quid junctus uterque valebit,
Quorum disjunctas horruit *Orbis* opes.

JOHAN. COPLESTON,
Coll. Regal. Præpoſitus, Academ.
Cantabrig. Procancellarius.

Omi-

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

O Minibus fauſtis, cæloque favente, GEORGI,
Tendit in amplexus Nympha *Britanna* Tuos!
Dic, Heros invicte, Tuis meritisve quibusve
Speraſtine unquam præmia poſſe dari?
Credidit hoc veſtris toties defenſa lacertis
Patria? vel ſtrages Scania faſſa Tuas?
Credidit hoc frater, lapſâ cum pene Coronâ
Captivus Sueco duſſus ab hoſte foret?
Et ſolis animiſque Tuis, dextraque redemptus
A fuſo princeps hoſte rediret ovans?
Credidit unquam Illa Superos Virtute daturos
Mercedem dignam? vel potuiſſe dare?
At Cœlum abſolvit, nihil ut debere queraris
Fata Tibi, in Thalamos ANNA recepta Tuos.
Macte Heros, genere alto ingens, ingentior armis!
Major adhuc ſpoliis quæ Tibi præbet Amor!
Projice tela manu, generoſumque ære vigenti
Pectus, & auratâ Caſſide ſolve comas.
Altera jam Te Caſtra vocant, atque altera bella,
In quibus & vinci poſſe Triumphus erit.
Ante pedes ANNÆ tot bellis parta Trophæa,
Et Laurus multo ſanguine tincta Cadet.
Læviaque imponens robuſto brachia Collo
Gradivum coget ſub ſua jura *Venus*.

Jam tandem dediſce Odium, Obliviſcere tandem
Quicquid fæminea, *Dania*, paſſa manu es.
Una Tibi *Angligenûm* tot damna antiqua reſarcit,
Aſcendens *Danos* Nympha *Britanna* toros.

Jo. Mountagu Filius *Edvardi* Comitis de *Sandwich* defuncti, *Coll. Trin.* Magiſter.

In

In Nuptias Principum

GEORGII & ANNÆ.

HUc, Hymenæe, hederâ crines errante revincte,
Huc ades, ô Erato, nomen Amoris habens.
Vos mihi purpureis aram cumulate Hyacinthis,
Perque sacros postes plurima myrtus eat.
Vos mihi, cui festas nox tollit pronuba tædas?
Dicite, cui thalamos utraque Regna parant?
Utraque Regna parant thalamos Tibi, Regia Virgo,
Et Tibi, Sponse, Tui gloria rara soli.
Nec quicquam valuit nasci torpente sub Ursâ,
Cum biberet flammas ima medulla novas.
Sic gelidis solet *Ætna* fidem servare pruinis,
Sic trahit absentem pars *Boreala* acum.
Quo feror? auditis? strepuere Cupidinis arma,
Et clangore levem tela dedere sonum.
Agnosco monitus, ruus, ô! Cytherëa, sacerdos,
Fœlices veniunt ad sacra templa pares.
Juncturi veniunt æterna in fœdera dextras,
Aureus ô! pennis omnia signet amor.
Omnia signavit; solvendaque fœdera dixit,
Cum rumpent pactam fixa Elementa fidem.
Cum me destituent humeris pendentia tela,
Flebit & extinctâ lampade tristis amor.
O Gemini, ô nostri clarissima lumina Cœli,
Ullane tam sanctum separet hora jugum?
Conjuge Tu fœlix Virgo, Tu Virgine Conjux,
Quos uni admovit sorsque deusque toro.

Diis

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Diis placeat ſuperis, gentes utriuſque precamur,
Ut Tibi ſit Conjux unus, & una Tibi.

Jacobus Montagu Coll. Sid. Suſſ. Filius
Comitis de *Sandwich* defuncti natu Sextus.

QUantum Numen Amor! Naturæ eſt copula, Mundi
Zona, & Syderei fama, *Venus*que Poli.
Nulla animos veſtros temeraria flamma perurit,
Nobile Par, pectus nec vagus Ignis edit.
Sed caſtos longè antè animi ſenſere calores,
Quàm ſacro nexu corpora junxit amor.
Nempe ita (pace Deûm) commiſto ſanguine Veſtro,
Fortiùs aſſurget *Dano-Britanna* domus.

Jacobus Sanderſon filius natu minor
Vicecomitis de *Caſtleton*, *Coll. Magd.*

Ad Principem GEORGIUM.

OLim *Danorum* invaſit gens ſæva *Britannos*,
Navibus & ferro tunc patefacta via eſt,
Quamque viam ſibi Majores mucrone ſecabant,
En! Tibi quàm facilem ſtravit amica *Venus*!

Joh. Fowell Baronettus, *Coll. Regal.*

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

ECquis Iô Paphiâ cinget mihi tempora Myrto,
Dum spirans multo stillat odore coma?
Ecquis Regales thalamos memorare paranti,
Porriget argutæ fila canora Lyræ?
Delie, cedo lyram, mollem, Dea Cypria, Myrtum,
Leniter & pennis aureus afflet Amor:
O quàm Te memorem cum Virgine, Regie conjux!
O inter *Danos* non leve nomen Avos!
Quàm memorem pulchro cum conjuge, Regia Virgo,
Quas vultu vibras pulchrior Ipsa, faces!
Dulcè *Venus* risit, risit gens omnis Amorum,
Et faciles ventos, & dedit, esse vias,
Tunc cum puppe citâ sulcans vada cœrula Princeps,
Vel patriæ thalamos prætulit, ANNA, Tuos.
Prætulit; & dixit, Cunabula chara valete,
Omnibus & frater charior une vale.
Me me virginitas manet illibata Puellæ,
ANNA futura mea est, ANNA futura mea est;
ANNA mea est, nec me cunabula chara reducunt,
Non domus, aut fusis *Dania* mœsta comis,
Mixta decore simul gravitas, & forma pudore,
Suadet & affines Terra *Britanna* toros.
ANNA mea est, O! pande sinus mihi debita Virgo,
Prælatos patriis aurea pande sinus.
Dixit, & auspiciis en! quam fœlicibus acti?
Transfixisque animos una sagitta duos.
Jam neque Majestas solio deturbat Amorem,
Sed bene Majestas, sed bene junctus Amor.
Jam videor festos per compita cernere fasces,
Et multus tremulo splendet ut igne focus.
Tympana jam *Danaos* mihi visa sonare per agros,
Et fluere è plenis prodiga vina cadis.

Fœlix

Fœlix Sponſe, cui firmarunt fœdera Muſæ,
Fœdera quæ nullo ſunt ſolvenda die.
Fœlix Sponſe, volens thalamos aſcende Maritæ,
Et Tu virgineos pone, Marita, metus;
Tu vultum, Dux ſumme, trucem; qualem horruit olim
Suecia, & obſtupuit Teque *Foremque* Tuum,
Umbraret cum torva genas horrore decoro
Caſſis, & exires fulminis inſtar ovans.
Hi vincant homines; major victoria parta eſt,
Dii Tibi cum dederint vincere poſſe Deam.
Sic non ſtratæ acies *Troûm*, non *Ilion* ardens
Plus Tibi, *Tydide*, quam dedit icta *Venus*.

G. Meredith Baronettus è *Coll. Trin.*

GArriat ulteriùs ne victos fama *Britannos*,
Nec memoret palmas, priſce *Cannæ*, tuas.
Vicimus; ultrices & ſentis, *Dania*, flammas,
Heroemque tuum ſternit inermis amor:
Victricis jacet ante pedes, & fuſus Amator
Subjicit optato martia colla jugo.
Vulnera delectant: & ſic cecidiſſe, placebit;
Jam vinci eſt majus, quam ſuperâſſe prius.

Franciſcus Willughby Aul. Cath. *Baronettus.*

In Illuſtriſſimum Connubium, ſtatim à detectâ Conjuratione omnium teterrimâ.

CUm parturiret Orcus, & Zelus ſacer
Sibi obſtetricis munus ultrò poſceret;
Cùm dira cædes jam imminaret *Carolo*,

Quàm non merenti! Cùm *Britannorum* ſalus
Heu neſciorum, penè corruerat; Furor
Fanaticorum cùm triumphos barbaros
Jam jámque latè acturus inſoleſceret:
Quis, ô, ſerenos ire quis juſſit dies,
Tantíſque tutum hîc tribuit *Hymenæis* locum!
Ille, Ille magni Soſpitator *Caroli*,
Vindéxque Capitis non inaſſuetus pii.
Ille, Ille nobis otia hæc fecit Deus;
Quæ propria faxit oro. Vos autem dehinc
Animæ rebelles ſapere diſcatis: Scelus
Nec in Tonantem coquite, neve in *Carolum*:
Vel ſi gehennæ nullus inceſſit metus,
Solenne quâcum fœdus iciſtis: domi
Ambire furcas, aut ſecures num juvat?
Fruamini ergo: nam ſinunt Leges frui.

Joſ. Beaumont, Reg. Theol. Profeſſor,
& *Coll. S. Petri* Præfectus.

Ad Celſiſſimum, Illuſtriſſimumque Principem
GEORGIUM, *Regis* Daniæ, Norvegiæ, *&c.*
Fratrem, Adventorium.

DUm *Canis* immenſum latè bacchatur in Orbem,
Et gravis arentes æſtus hiulcat agros,
Quò Tu vela facis *Cimbrorum* fama, GEORGI,
O Lux, ô Patriæ Vita, ſalúſque Tuæ?

Huccine

Huccine per Scopulos, ac mille pericula rerum
(Vel ſubeunda ſalo, vel ſubeunda ſolo,)
Te trahit Una Tuis thalamis digniſſima *Virgo*,
Virgo Suo incendens quodlibet igne gelu?
Hem, Victor toties, & vinci neſcius armis,
Hanc Tibi perpetuo fœdere poſcis Heram;
Poſcis Heram præſtanti & mente, & corpore Nympham,
Qua ſine nulla venit nox Tibi, nulla dies;
Uſque adeò in vultu *Venus* omnis, & omnis inerrat
Gratia, forma, lepor, ſceptrigerumque genus:
Quàm lætum Omen habes? Nam Regis ducere Neptem,
Res non eſt tædæ ſola, ſed imperii:
Tot tamen auſpiciis, ac tot quoque dotibus aucta
Anna Tua eſt, Princeps inclyte, Tota Tua eſt:
Te redamat, Tibi nunc Uni Se pectit, & ornat,
Quæ tacta eſt nullis antè Cupidinibus:
Hoc non *Granta* tacet, non *Hafnia*, Phœbus Utrique
Dictat, & auditur nil niſi feſtus Hymen:
Sic igitur *Muſæ*, clamante Talaſſio Turbâ,
Vota ſua blandis concinuëre modis;
Floreat Herôum *Par* grande, vireſcat ubique
Ille Virûm referens, *Hæc* muliebre decus;
Nobile *Par* facibus ſolùm, radiiſque caleſcat,
Alter in Alterius quos videt eſſe oculis;
Par æquo paſſu ſtadium decurrat amoris,
Quique amor eſt juvenum, ſit quoque & ipſe Senum;
Par hoc fata ſinant modò Natorum ore referri, &
Anglia nil porrò, Tota quod optet, habet.

Rad. Widdrington, S. Theologiæ
pro Dom. *Margareta* Profeſſor.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Περὶ τῆς ἐπιβελῆς νεωϛὶ ἀναφανείσης ἐπὶ ἀρετῇσι Γεωργίῳ τῷ τῆς Διανίης Ἀρχοντι ἐνδοξοτάτῳ.

Εἶπε θεὰ κρυφίας βελέας, τέχνας τ' ἀγελάας,
Εἶπ' ἀλίῃσιν μθέεσσι μθίοις κεκομψήκοντ ἀνδρῶν
Τῷ λάῳ, βασιλεῖ τε φόνον, καὶ πῆσι φερόντων.
Δυσμθμέες γὰρ τινες κρύφθμι ἐπικέρδεϊ ὀργῇσι
Χείλεσι μυνθίζοντες, ἰδ' ὄμμασι λοξὰ βλέποντες,
Οἷς ἀρχὸς μετέφη θορύβοιο πολύδακρυς ἀνήρ.
Οὐ νεμεσσᾶτε φίλοι τὰ δ' ἀεικέα ἔργα ὁρῶντες;
Μὼν πέπαλτε κακῶν τόσσον πλησθέντες ἐμθμι;
Ἀνέρες ἐστὶ φρεσὶν καὶ ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔλεσθε·
Ἀμμι γὰ πιδνάναι δοκέει πολὺ φέρτερον εἶναι,
Ἢ πλεῖον πλῆσθαι κάκ' οἴζυος, ἠδ' ἐτ' ἀνιπτά.
Ἀλγῶν ἡμετέρων ἀστοργὸν δεῖ ἀπιτίμνειν
Δημοβόρον Κάρολον πάντων δηλήμον' ἄνακτα
Ὅς τε θεοῖς τε βροτοῖς τε κακὸ ὀβριμοεργὸς ἔοργεν.
Ἴσω δὴ ὅτι νῶϊ τά γ' ἄισυλα πάντ' ἀπιτίσῃ,
Οὔτις βυλευτέων δυνάτων φύγῃ αἰματόεντα
Οὐδέ τις Ἡρώων, ἐπεὶ ὕπνα δείδιμεν αἰνῶς
Ἀνδρες γάρ τε καλοὶ καὶ οἱ θεοί εἰσι πάρ' ἡμῖν.
Ὡς φάτο. Καὶ πάντων δομὸν ὦρσεν ὁ Δαίμων
Ἀνδροφόνους τε δόλους ὀλοὰ ἴ τε μῆτιν ὑφαίνων
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεί γ' ἐφάνη Διανίης Ἀγγλίσι Γεωργὸς
Τοῖσιν δ' ἄγγελος ἦλθε πολιήτεμος ἀκέα Ἶρις
Εἶπε δὲ, ἀγγλίης λυγρῆς δδὸν ὄφρα πύθηαι
Μήδεα πάντ' ἐμβὰς μεταμώλια δῖαν Ὀλυμπον
Οὐ γὰ ἐῶσι θεοὶ ἀρχὴν τοῦτον τόσσον τε
Ὀλυσθαι ἄλοχόν τε φίλην Βρετιδῶνι θυγατρα
Ἥρωας πέξυσι κλυτὸς φιλότητι μιγῆτες,
Γίγνοθ' ἡμίθεοι παῖδες θεάων γε τοκήων.

Hen. James, S. T. P. *Coll. Regin.* Præſ.

In

In Fœliciſſimas Nuptias Illuſtriſſimi Georgii *Principis* Daniæ, *& lectiſſimæ Virginis* Annæ, *Celſiſſimi Principis* Jacobi *Ducis* Eboracenſis, *Filiæ.*

ACcipias placido, Princeps Celſiſſime, vultu
Munera parva quidem, ſed magni pignus honoris.
Dumque alii certant gemmis, auroque *Hymenæos*
Exornare Tuos, nobis ingentia facta
Majorum celebrare, Tuis ſuperanda triumphis
Carminibus liceat, laudeſque efferre per orbem.
Auſpiciis igitur jungas fœlicibus *Annam*
Connubio ſtabili, præluſtri ſtemmate natam,
Egregiâ Formâ, Decus atque Inſigne *Britannis*,
In quâ tot Regum virtus, Pietaſque relucet.
Tali Conjugio, quis non vel maxima ſperet?
Armorum ſtrepitus alios clangorque tubarum
Terrent, atque hoſtes lugubria cuncta minantur:
Per Vos exultat dum tuta *Britannia*, Dulce
Pangit *Granta* melos, & ad ætherea Gaudia mittit.
Vivite fœlices ergò, *Carolo*ſque, *Jacobo*ſque
Exhibeant *Anglis* hæc fœdera veſtra perennes,
Roma triumphales Currus per mœnia victrix
Non agat ulteriùs, nec jam Fanaticus error
Otia perturbet, vel triſtia ſec'la reducat.
Quo pede cœpiſtis, quo munere cuncta beâſtis,
Sic benè ſemper eant, & fauſto numine creſcant.

Guil. Saywell, S. T. P.
Coll. Jeſu Mag.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

In Principes Religione, & Thalamo jugales.

CAſtior haud unquam mollis fuit æſtus amoris,
Nec magè fauſtus *Hymen* celebravit jura marita
His, ſibi cognatos ubi Cœlum afflavit amores,
Et pius accendit tædas *Hymenæus* ad aras.

Nath. Vincent, S. T. P.
Aulæ de Clare *Soc.*

In Auſpicatiſſimas Georgii *Principis* Danici *& Sereniſſimæ Dominæ* Annæ *Nuptias, Epithalamium votivum.*

ASTra duo ſocias volvunt caſto igne favillas,
Cœleſteſque rotant ſidera bina faces.
Reſtinguent flammas non Pocula ſacra jugales,
Sed lucem Tædis *Granta* miniſtra feret.
Arcum dum ſinuet flagretque *Cupido* ſagittis,
Pectora vulneribus ſaucia vulnus alit.
Ut firmo maneat ſtabilis concordia nexu,
Alatus non ſit, nec fugitivus Amor.
Pervia cœruleæ tranſcurrunt æquora Nymphæ,
Ad ſponſam Comites Principis ire parant.
Ipſe choros *Neptunus* agit, *Thetis* ipſa triumphos;
Inque ſalo plauſus ſcit *Venus* orta Mari.
Baſia dat, lambitque ratis veſtigia, Fluctus;
Et deſideriis mobilis unda tumet.

Hoſpitis

Hoſpitis introitum vel Littora noſtra ſalutant,
Corripitur læto Conjugis Ille ſinu.
Mutua ſolicitæ tendunt in viſcera flammæ,
Et calet aſſiduo ſubdita vena foco.
Præſit *Hymen*, *Cami* conſcendant gaudia ripas;
Geſtiat & Muſis *Hafnia*, Sora ſuis.
Umbroſum *Juno* rupit jam Pronuba velum,
Et tegmen flabris ſparſit amica novis:
Ut *Phœbus* rutilo fauſtos notet axe *Britannos*,
Dum niteant radio lucidiore dies.
Fida domant ſuperos inito Connubia pacto,
Captivaſque beant vincula tanta Deas.
Sic illibati genialia fœdera lecti
Pace ligant animos, diſſita regna Toro.
Stamina lanificæ ducant numeroſa ſorores,
Lenta indefeſſo pollice fila trahant:
Libratumque diu verſet ſors provida fuſum,
Et ſua dediſcant claudere penſa Colus.
Sit nunquam moriturus Amor, ſit viva Juventas;
Ut pius in Cineres tardiùs Ignis eat.
Angliacis Cœli ſpondent ſublimia terris,
Inclyta conſurgat ſi modò Prole Domus.
Nil intentatum Populus, nil linquet inauſum;
Ocyùs in turbas Plebs male ſuada ruit.
Non inſtauratas jactent ſpiſſa Agmina vires,
Subdola quot ratio, ſeu vagus error habet.
Oſtentet nec *Roma* caput, nec ſchiſmata criſtas,
Nec *Democraticus* colla ſuperba *Draco*.
GEORGIUS adventu felices reddidit *Anglos*,
Felicem Hunc Thalamo reddat & ANNA Suo.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Ad Sponſum.

PONe moram, celeres in ſponſam dirige greſſus;
Fama viam pandit, Formáque monſtrat iter.
Ædi Virtutis Templum acclinabat Honoris,
Virtutique Tuæ ſtat propè junctus Honos.
Nobile Par Gemmam depingit, & Annulus Orbem;
Unit amor, *Cenſors* orbis opeſque Tibi.
Sic exoptatum dant ſtrata Cubilia ſulcrum,
Sic gremio *Danaes* aureus imber adeſt.
Sit Fortuna comes, cum nomine Fama perennis;
Adde Periſcelidem, GROTIUS alter erit.
Felix *Euboïca* ſis uſque ad vota *Sibyllæ*,
Effluat in gelidas ſera ſenecta nives.
Nolim verboſo ſuccreſcat pagina faſtu,
Aut metricis ludat turgida pompa ſonis:
Principis eximias non æquant carmina dotes;
Hoc *Flacci* potiùs, ſive *Maronis* Opus.
Officioſa pedem ſiſtat reprimátque *Thalia*,
Menſuram & numeros exuperabit Amor.

Ad Jacobum *Ducem* Eboracenſem, *Sponſæ Patrem.*

SUb *Caroli* auſpiciis ſponſalia Virgo capeſſit,
Teque *Facche* ſimul cum probitate colit.
Audit bis Princeps tali qui Conjuge dignus,
Qui poterit tali dignus & eſſe Patre.
Non ſponſam laudare ſatis didicere *Camœnæ*,
Non *Erato* tantum concelebrare Virum.
Ut feſtivus amor contingat Utrique, rogamus
Et noctes placidas & ſine nube dies.
E *Fortunatis* hæc Inſula creditur una,
Si *Danus* aut *Batavus* fertilis eſſe queat.

V. Stubbe, S. T. P. *Trin. Coll.* Soc.

Ad

Ad Illuſtriſſimum Principem Georgium, Daniæ *Principem.*

Angligenis gratus *Danicis* novus Hoſpes ab oris
Advenis, exhilarans pectora preſſa malis:
Pace etenim dùm quiſque ſui ſecurus opimâ,
Tranſigeret placidos, *Cæſaris* Arte, dies;
Nullâque dùm noſtrum turbarent Nubila Cœlum,
Copia multa Domi, fœdera amica foris;
En! ſubito rabidi commota furore Popelli,
Imminet in noſtrum ſæva Procella caput:
Quam niſi (mira loquor!) demiſſo averterat Igne
Cœlitùs immenſi Gratia ſumma Dei;
Delicias Cœli *Carolum* Fratrémque peremptos
Vidiſſes, (*Brutos*, *Cæſar* & *Anglus* habet)
Exciſos Proceres, Tria florentiſſima Regna
Concuſſa, in miſerum mox reditura Chaos.
Sanguinolenta tamen poſt tot ſemota perícla,
Carolus in votis nil habet indè prius,
Quàm Sibi quo magno Te devinciret amoris
Pignore, nam meritis grandia juſta Tuis.
Multa diu obverſans animo cupidéque revolvens;
Anna ſubit: Non par *Anglia* pignus habet.
Par Formæ Virtus, Virtuti Gloria; Nulli
Laudibus Ingenii, vel Comitate minor.
Talis, Tanta Tibi eſt, Princeps Auguſte, jubente
Rege, maritali Conſociata Toro.
Sit numeroſa, precor, Soboles: Satiata triumphis,
Atque opibus, veniat tarda Senecta Tibi.

Cætera,

Cætera, (multa etenim) voto ut complectar in uno,
Reſtent, ô, votis proſpera nulla meis!

Guiliel. Lewis, LL. D. *Coll. Jeſu* Soc.

QUæ dudum *Auriacos* cantavit Muſa triumphos,
Ut nuptam avexit victrici Claſſe *Mariam*,
Nobilis alternos ſpirans *Gulielmus* amores,
Æmula nunc eadem Tibi Pronuba, Magne GEORGI,
Teque Tuamque canit cognato carmine ſponſam.
Exuis hic Princeps quàm non inglorius Arma!
Pugnantis toties vicinis cognita *Suevis*,
Victus & ingenti mitis ſubmittis Amori.
Famam virtuteſque Tuas, & Gentis Honorem,
Ardentemque diu generoſo pectore flammam,
Sanguinis *Angliaci* ſpes altera, amabilis ANNA,
Non enarrandis meritis & dote beavit,
Atque inter duo regna tenet communia Pacis
Vincula, conjungens diviſas æquore Gentes.
Et fuit egregiis tutum virtutibus aucto,
Atque alto *Dania* regum Tibi ſanguine creto,
In tam ſublimi tantam ſpem ponere amore.
Anglia Te totum jam vendicat, Altera vitæ
Portio debetur nobis, debetur Amori.
Dii! ſiqua ingratæ genti ſervaſtis amoris
Pignora; Quos dabitis votis precibuſque futuros
Hæredes? quos heroâs? qualeſque nepotes?
Dic *Lucina*, precor; Quo Princeps ſidere primus
Naſcetur? quæ forma Oris? quæ gratia vultus?
An patrem referet, Formoſæ gentis honorem?

Mitia

Mitia lumina habebit Avi, vultumque ſerenum?
An *Caroli* ſpeciem, Majeſtatemque decoram?
Tempore, Diva, Tuo ne gaudia noſtra morere.

Georgius Oxinden, LL.D. Aul. Trin. *Soc.*

ERgo Ille ruptis, axe ſub ultimo,
Clauſtris, ad oras appulit *Angliæ*,
Prædam reportaturus *Annam*,
Delicias patriæ, patríſque?

Qualem *Canutus* non retulit domum;
Non *Sueno*, fuſis hoſtibus, impotens
Unquam reportavit, cruore
Ebrius, & ſpoliis ſuperbus.

Quin ponis iras nobilis *Inſula*;
Atque hinc vereri deſine quidpiam
Hoſtile; nobis lenis inſtat
Vis, placiduſque & amicus hoſtis.

Annam repoſcit *Cimbria*; debitum
En! jam ſolutum fœnore maximo:
Hæc liberat quæcunque fecit
Nomina Rex *Jacobus* olim.

Georgi, *Britannis* Nomen amabile,
A Te vetuſtos Nobilium chori
Ducunt honores; Tu dediſti
Angligenis reducem ſalutem.

At jam beâſti nos ter & amplius,
Utrumque per Te ſuppetit affatim;
Hic *Georgius* magnum *Britannis*
Nunc decus eſt, Columen futurus.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Hoc perge, Princeps, omine lætior,
Et prole multâ pelle *Britannias*
Veros timores, ne implicemur
Syrtibus Heſperiis miſelli.

Joh. Billers, S.T.B. Publicus Orat. Acad.

CUm ſumma rerum ſit penes Auſpicem,
Qui continenti progenie eluit
Centeſimus ferme Monarcha,
Atque etiam Carolina proles;
Hunc, ô nefandum! Vipereum genus
Ceu fabularum tegmine myſtico
Terrena quondam fœx Tonantem
E ſolio rueret ſuperno:
Habenda regum cura propaginis,
Ut gemma quævis congeneris domûs
Silveſcat in regni dynaſtas,
Et ſerie ſtabili perennet.
Gens imperatrix quo numeroſior,
Rebus valeſcet firmior aſperis.
Princeps laboranti potentem
Suppetias ferat una regem.
Atqui Senatûs nulla ſenatui
Eſt conjugalis copula fœderis,
Charis ſigillatim crumenis,
Complicibuſque ſuis propinqui.

Ben. Pulleyn, Gr. L. P. Trin. Coll. S.

Non.

NOn ſic Arctöis ſunt frigida pectora *Danis*,
Quin illis imo corde caleſcat amor.
Ille nives Cimbras mollit, glaciemque profundam,
Inque ignes Veneris ſolvitur acris hyems.
Non ſic perſequitur Princeps ſtudia aſpera Martis,
Quin, *Venus!* in caſtris militet ipſe tuis:
Virginis in pulchrò vultu ſua caſtra Cupido
Collocat, ex oculis mollia tela jacit.
Hæc capit & capitur; captivus victor uterque
Connubii ſtabilis libera vincla ſubit.
Hic Gentis *Daniæ* decor Unicus, Illa *Britannæ*,
Ambo amor, & patriæ ſpes redivivâ ſuæ.
Aſpice! ut Heroes procedunt ordine magno,
Veſter amor quantâ prole beatus erit!
Sit ſoboles magno ſimilis, majorve Parente,
Majori ſoboli nec Pater invideat:
Sic Thetidis fatis anteivit Pelea Natus,
Hinc thalamo Thetidis Jupiter abſtinuit.
Forte novus ſurget clarâ de ſtirpe Canutus
Temperet imperio qui tria * regna ſuo. * *Angl. Daniæ Norveg.*
Qui maris æquoreâ latè dominetur in aulâ,
Atque Alpes ultra proferet imperium.
Vindicet ut Romæ Cimbrâ de gente Triumphos,
Victoris Marii ſerus Hic ultor erit.
Cæſaris in *Britonas* Hic Vindex geſta rependet,
Romanis referens arma *Britanna* tholis.

Tho. Horne, Acad. Sen. Procurat.

Daniæ *Princeps patriæ valedicit.*

O Mihi chara Parens, dulciſque ante omnia Frater,
Gratáque natalis rura valete ſoli.
Me mea Sponſa trahit peregrinam viſere terram,
Moribus exſuperans nobile ſtemma ſuis.
Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor. Lætè tua caſtra, Cupido,
Inſequor, & faciles jam tibi dedo manus.
Sat bello ac pugnis primos conſumpſimus annos,
Omnia qui vincit, me quoque vicit Amor.
Talia jactanti ſecum, *Venus* aurea cælo
Longè proſpiciens, omina læta dabat.

Joſ. Craven, Coll. Sid. Suſſ. Soc.
Acad. Procur. alter.

In Nuptias Principis Georgii, *& Sereniſſimæ* Annæ *Ducis Eboracenſis Filiæ.*

UNo omnes olim venientes agmine Divi
Fluxere in Thalamos ſi, Thetis alma, tuos;
Si cum Patre Deûm, Muſarumque auſpice Phæbo,
Parcæ omnes ſacris accinuere toris;
Nunc veniant iterum, (& veniunt) uno agmine Divi,
Quos Thetis ad tædas convocat *Angla* ſuas;
Nunc iterum ſacro celebrent connubia cantu,
Parcarum junctus Pieridumque chorus.
Verior *Anna* Thetis, quàm cui delira vetuſtas
Jus omne in fluctus imperiumque dedit:

Anna,

Anna, Patris magni claſſe & virtutibus uſa,
Sola poteſt toti jura dare Oceano.
Fortunate Heros! cui tot jactata procellis
In Thetidis gremio ponere colla licet.
Illa Tibi molles poſt bella inſpirat amores,
Et fovet in tenero Martia corda ſinu.
Naſcetur vobis, expers terroris, Achilles,
Sic iterum Parcæ, Pierideſque canant:
Verùm Ille antiquo ſit multò major *Achille*,
Ne vel Avo fiat vel Genitore minor.

Jo. Warren, A.M. *Aul. Cath.* Soc. Taxatorum alter.

Ad Principem ANNAM.

ÆTatem, aut formam, ſi ſpectes, *Anna*, Mariti,
Aut genus, aut Sponſi, Martia geſta, Tui,
Aut animi dotes, aut quos colit Ille Penates;
Dii Tibi conſortem non habuere parem.
Non igitur gemitûs, non ſit Tibi cauſa timoris,
Longinquus Princeps, & peregrinus amor.
Frigidius glaciéne putas fore pectus amantis,
Quòd, nive velatâ, de regione, venit?
Ex hôc continuos potiùs ſperemus amores,
Et Soli æquales ſceptra habitura dies.
Cedit huic, propriam in ſedem, in Cor, Spiritus Omnis,
Et magè, contracto limite, Flamma furit.

Joh. Horſnell, A.M. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.

I.

Hinc, hinc, Camænæ, cedite inutiles,
Nam cor potenti Numine Gaudium
Afflavit, exultanſque Pectus
Corripuit meliore flammâ.
Taleſque cantus fundere geſtio,
Iſmene, quales auribus hauſeras
Utriſque, quando Dithyrambis
Pindarus incaluit ſolutis.
Dum neſcit æquo flumine gaudium
Prolabi, & arctis limitibus, vagè
Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorſum,
Vorticibus furit inquietis.
Adſis, triumphos dum canimus Tuos,
Adſis, Cupido, illabere pectori.
Dum perſonamus Te, decoris
Carminibus, bona Cypris, adſis.
Cypron beatam ſperne volatilis,
Huc, huc, Amorum ſepta cohortibus,
Molire greſſus, ad *Britannos*
Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.

II.

Fallor? an ex lævâ Convexi parte ſereni
Diva vocata venit?
Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
Tranat inane rotis.

Fronde

Fronde comas, auroque premit Pulcherrima, Martem
Qualis adire ſolet.
Gaudia, Blanditias, hilari vultuque renidens
Spargit ubique Jocos.
Laſcivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
Idaliuſque Puer.
Adventu diſperſa Deæ ſunt nubila, venti
Nec fremuere minis.
Dum Nymphas una ante alias formoſior omnes,
Dignaque Cura Deæ.
Sic Pæana canit, cœlum & modulamine complet
Vox ſociata lyræ.

III.

Egregiam laudem, *Venus*, & ſpolia ampla refertis
Tuque Puerque tuus: ſi Virgo *Britannica* victa
Agnoſcat Numen (mentem jam ſaucia) veſtrum.
Si votis, ſi ſæva ullis inſueta moveri,
Aut precibus præbere ſuas tractabilis aures,
Illum jam ſentit, quem non miſerata furorem eſt.
Fervidus & *Daniæ* Princeps, cui prælia curæ,
(Deteſtata tibi) pictis & ſplendor in armis,
Qui nec Militiam veſtram, nec Caſtra, Cupido,
Novit, ſed flammas, & inania ſpicula riſit,
Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
Jam Venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
Extendit palmas ad Numina læſa rebelles.

IV.

Jam non Bella placent, & Lituo lyram
Præfert, atque Caput [illegible]caſſide ferreâ

Urgeri

Urgeri ſolitum, divitis *Itali*
Unguentum redolens, ſuæ
Reclinat gremio Conjugis: immemor
Somni, dumque vagis luminibus Deam
Perluſtrat, roſeis oſcula quæ labris
Libavit ſitiens bibit.
Deponitque gravi militia latus
Defeſſum, in thalamo lætus amabili;
Hac Mercede juvant Vulnera, ſic Caput
Objeciſſe periculis.

V.

Plaudit Dione læta *Britannia*,
Olim cruentum nec meminit Mare,
Fuſoſve Cives indecorè, aut
Regna *Dano* populata ſorti.
Hæc dum renidens vindicat omnia,
Pulchris ocellis *Anna*, *Georgium*
Ducènſque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur Triumphans.
Tuiſque ſurgit laudibus *Haffnia*,
Volvenda retrò ſecula præcinens,
Cum Cimber *Anglo* junctus omni
Det trepido ſua Jura Mundo.
Jo Dione Suecia jam canit,
Pulſos Colonos dum neque fulgidis
Deterret armis, nec tremendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu.
Vos, Par Beatum, ter, ter & amplius,
Vos obligatam ferte Deæ dapem,

Sem-

Semperque amantes Hanc benignam
Perpetuo celebrate Plauſu.

Carolus Montagu, Generoſus
& A. M. *Trin. Coll.*

SIc quotidiè *Gens Britannica*
Aut ſervatur à miſeriâ, aut felicitate augetur.
Vixdum hodiè penitùs effugimus
Dolo, ſcelere, furore *Fanatico*
Cogitata, deſtinata, tantùm non confecta,
Regni *Britannici*, à Rege,
Coronæ, ab Hærede,
Curiæ, à Satrapis,
Eccleſiæ, à Paſtoribus,
Fori, à Magiſtratibus,
Terræ, à Populo,
Funeſtiſſima *Divortia.*
Coronat inſperatam hanc ſalutem
Exoptata fœlicitas;
Divino Auguſtiſſimi *Caroli* conſilio
Deliberata conſummatáque,
Principum, Regum, Regnorúmque,
Britannia & *Dania*,
Auſpicatiſſima *Connubia.*
Fœlix rerum viciſſitudo:
Pro illis odiis, hæ amicitiæ;
Pro illâ cæde, hæc conſanguinitas;
Pro illis facibus, hæ tædæ;

Pro illo conclavi, hi thalami;
Pro illâ *Associatione*, hæ *Nuptiæ*.
O quàm præstant
Istis luctibus, hæc gaudia!
Istis threnodiis, hi Hymenæi!
Feralibus istis totius Regni *exequiis*
Genialis hæc *Pompa!*
Quam ducit, ex utráque parte
Flos *Principum*;
Utrinque suæ & alienæ Gentis
Decus atque ornamentum.
Nupta, *Regio* digna cubili,
Nisi quòd spem sceptri *ferat*, non *accipiat*.
Sponsus, *Regni* dignus *consortio*,
Non quòd ad imperium *natus*, sed *factus*.
Frater Regis,
Qualis autem Serenissimus *Jacobus*,
Amore in *Fratrem*, fide & obsequio in *Principem*, clarus
Domi forísque:
Curarum, laborum, periculorũ *particeps*, quamvis non Sceptri.
Armis suis consiliísque
Defensor *Throni* quem non occupat.
Appellit *Hic* oras nostras è *Daniâ Princeps*,
Non, ut olim, *Britannici* Regni metuendus *Invasor*,
Sed expetendus *Hures*.
Ad justam consortii in imperio spem
Nostrâ *ambitione* vocatus, non ductus suâ:
Votis *Britanniæ* ominibúsque
Quæsitus, accersitus, adoptatus
In Augustæ *Stuartorum Familiæ*
Futurum præsidium, præsens decus.

Familiæ,

Familiæ, quæ sequiori hoc seculo
Cœlo magis quàm terris peperit;
Nisi quòd in his *Nuptiis* revirescat
Longam Heroûm progeniem editura.
Familiæ, quæ, ingratîs hominum, *Cæli* cura est:
Non quòd ullis hominibus invisa sit,
Præter eos, quos si homines dixeris,
Pestes tamen dicas generis humani:
Sectatores *illius, execrabilis memoriæ*,
Conjurationum *Architecti*,
Qui sæpiùs & constantiùs in *Carolum* perduellis,
Quam *Lucifer* in *Deum*.
His odio sit, ut *Cælo* placeat
Stuartorum Gens;
Milliès eorum insidiis petita, totiès *Cæli* vigiliis servata,
Servata *nuper*, in *Carolo* & *Jacobo*,
Miro *Providentiæ ænigmate*,
(Ut ex *Paulinâ phrasi* periculi magnitudinem,
Salutis etiam modum intelligas)
Διὰ πυρός.
Ab *Incendiariis*, per incendium,
Profugerunt hinc *è mediis ignibus* Augustissimi *Fratres*,
Ignari quæ pericula effugerent:
Non *Oppidi*, sed Regni *conflagrationem*;
Non tectorum flammas, sed seditionum faces;
Non palatio suo imminentem ruinam,
Sed vitæ suæ impendens exitium.
Nos quidem in istis flammis, temerè superstitiosi,
Iras anxiè verebamur *Cæli*, persensimus *Clementiam*
Quam *Stantia* hæc *tecta non poterant probare*,
Concremata, *illustrârunt*.

Veneramur itáq; ductricẽ *Moſis* noſtri ſalutarẽ *ignis columnã*,
Ignis, è cœleſti *phare* emiſſi,
Lumen ut ferret, non *incendium*.
In *Hanc* igitur, Sereniſſime *Princeps*, adoptaris *Familiam*,
Faventẽ *Cælo*, *terrâ* plaudente,
Ringente autem, hîc & in *Orco*,
Damnato *Fanaticorum* perduellium grege.
Hi quidem, ſi vota ſua aut conſilia valerent,
Sic *Veſtras* hodiè celebrarent *Nuptias*
Prout olim *Pontificii* ſicarii *Pariſinas*.
Eâdem crudelitate *Danos*, denuò advenas, *reciperent*,
Quâ olim *ejecti* ſunt.
At intelligant deploratæ *Veteris Cauſæ* perditiſſimi *Patroni*
Ira Clementiſſimo *Numini* placere,
Ut *Regium Stuartorum Stemma*
Vel in Auguſto illo *Fratrum pari*
Immortalitate donetur;
Vel ex *Hoc Conjugum*
Propagetur in ſecula.
Intelligant illi, & *rumpantur invidiâ*.
Nos læti ovantéſque
Accipiamus omen:
Feſtíſque vocibus acclamemus
Stirpi Regiæ,
Immortali *Cæli* beneficio,
Ab æterno excidio fideliter cuſtoditæ,
In ſucceſſionem perpetuam feliciter collocatæ.

Tho. Browne, A. M. *Coll. D. Joh. Evang.* Soc.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

TE canere incepi, Sponſæ & connubia, *Georgi*,
Sed renuunt numeros Gaudia noſtra pati.
Optâruntque vagè, nullíſque coërcita vinc'lis,
Fundi, atque effuſis ſpernere littus aquis.
Innumeras laudes numeris quis ſcripſerit? arctis
Limitibuſve Tuum, quod ferit aſtra, Decus?
Quiſve Tuas potuit pugnas æquare canendo?
Fundere vel cauſâ carmina Digna Tuâ?
Jam tenuis tanto ſub pondere Muſa fatiſcit,
Cum ſit adulta, Tuis laudibus æqua canet.
Accipe nunc facilis, juſto pro carmine, Votum,
(Si capiant Elegi fervida vota breves.)
Pignora det, quæcunque poteſt, Vobis Hymenæus,
Æqualique favens ſit Cytherea jugo.
Sint irrupta precor genialis fœdera lecti,
Irrita neve ferat gaudia caſtus Amor;
Dum multos pueros, multas det *Juno* puellas,
Qui virtute Tuâ, *Carole*, ſceptra gerant:
Sic fœlix vivat, fœlix & uterque ſeneſcat,
Conjunctoſque idem currus ad aſtra ferat.

Jacobus Montagu, Commenſ. *Coll. Trin.*

Ad Celſiſſimum Principem Georgium *de Nuptiis Suis Auſpicatiſſimis.*

FRuſtrà Regalem ſtirpem petit hydra rebellis;
Hanc feriunt ſolùm tela, Cupido, tua.
Fœderis horrendi ſcelus Aſſociatio felix
Delet, & à thalamis pax venit alma Tuis.

Alterius *Georgî* quid grandia facta ſtupemus?
Illuſtris Princeps, nobiliora facis.
Hoſtes conſilio ſuperavit *Georgius* alter;
Sed Tu ſchiſmaticam vincis, amando, feram.
Non ſolùm datur *Anna* Tibi jungenda Marito,
Gentes veſtra duas copula ſacra ligat.

Guilielmus Beaumont, A.M. *Coll.* S. *Petri.* Soc.

Monita ad Pictorem de picturâ Principis Annæ *in* Daniam *miſſâ.*

TU, qui Cuſpide Principis Puellæ
Auſus pingere nunciam Tabellam,
(Vovendam prope quà Nivalis Arctos
Ignes, Virgineo micante Signo,
Exin diſceret Æquinoctiales)
Seu *Laïi* cupias vocarier, ſeu
Verronis mihi, ſcite penicille,
Huc illam mihi des, & huc tabellam:
Hoc non dimidium eſt Tui laboris;
Nam multum inveniam tibi negoti.
Hic primum radio beatiori
Heroem *Danicum* Sacræ tabellæ
Immerſum bibulis notet ocellis,
Depingaſque faces ut inde tortas,
Per venas tacitas, per & micantes,
Imis fervere ſentiat medullis.
Sic ſæpe Angelus *imberi* Amorem
Gaudet, longulo & ore ſpirat ignes.

Hîc

Hic tactu leviore, penicille,
Aſtantem Juveni *Gameliam*, illic
Pennatos levis Auſpices triumphi
Circum des volitans *Cupidinum* agmen,
Sternutans fremitu ſonantiore,
(Quod fœlix ſiet, & quod eſto fauſtum)
I Princeps & habe novos triumphos,
I fluctu placido *Tuiſque* ventis,
Te dulcis trahit Hoſpitem in cubile
(Non mavult alium hoſpitem cubile)
Princeps *Anna Tui* ſimulque Amorum,
His dictis, iit, accinentibuſque
Feſtivum Pueris *Thalaſſionem*.
Pingas Gaudia mille ſomniantem
Heroem, meditantem iter per omne
Centum millia jam facetiarum,
Centum millia mille Gaudiorum;
Utque poſt Dominæ cubile viſum
Unâ Hæc omnia ſint minora viſâ.
Jam viſam cupit, & tenet cupitam:
Jam ſe vivere ſentit, emoriique:
Jam fert æmula Numinum pericla,
Et vulnus *Fove* Te calente dignum.
Et dum Virgo ſuos frequèns, Trementis,
Vibriſſans oculos, ferit meduſſas,
Is pallet, mihi dic, quid iſte pallor,
Rubet, quid rubor & ſibi ille vellet;
Et quid, dum trepidatque palpitatque,
Totis artubus imbibens Amorem,
Iſthæc exprime ſis ſuo colore.
Et jam dum Procus uſque, & uſque, & uſque
Seſe *Principe* proluit veneno,

Hucc

Huc totam mihi copiam colorum,
(Summâ nunc opus eſt penu colorum)
Ut pingas decus, incolaſque frontis
Æternas Veneres, pareſque Amores
In vultu placido *Annæ* Anglicanæ.
Non hic polline, purpurâ, æſiróque
Utêris, ſed enim meros colores
Naturæ *Artificis* petas, neceſſum.
Hic labri *roſa*, ſtent & hic *pruinæ*
Colli, des *violas* comæ fluentis,
Lucentemque oculis utrinque *Solem*.
Centum pinge Cupidines in uno
Annæ lumine, centum amœnitates,
Ter centum Veneres: adhuc ſuperſunt
Sexcentum Veneres, Amœnitates:
Demum *neſcio quid* notabis oris.
At dotes Animæ referre jam vis?
Inſanis, bone penicille, pegma
Omittas; Anima eſt opus Poetæ.
Jam ſiſtes tabulâ *Anglicum Davidem*,
Prudentem, Facilem, Probum, Innocentem,
Lætum, Lætitiæ *Angliæ*que Patrem,
Sed Juſtum tamen, & piè Severum,
Mirac'lum ſapientiæ profundum,
Cœli delicias, Deique curam,
(Vin'uno omnia?) *Carolum* Secundum.
Ducentem dato *Principes* ad Aras,
Jungentemque manus ligâ Jugali,
Prophetamque animam ore proferentem:
Par ô Nobile Conjugum, Beatam
Vitam quæ faciunt Beatiorem,
Hæc vos & facient Beatiores,

Hæc

Hæc nos & facient Beatiores,
Fœlices ter & amplius *Britannos.*
Magnus vos manet *ordo* Filiorum,
Qui Regni peragent vices *Britanni,*
Longè longius Æva in Æviora.
Et jam nunc, bone penicille, ſiſte,
Perfeciſti opus; at priuſquam abibis,
Unam lineam & alteram notabis.
Luna illunis erit, faces remotæ,
Et puræ tenebræ, niſi ex ocellis
Quæ gratæ veniunt faces Amoris.
Poſt dum dulcius hinc & hinc quieſcunt,
Et ſomnis repetunt triumphum Amoris,
Et longam ſeriem indies Nepotum,
Appinges *Genios Dacumque* & *Anglum,*
Gratis ambitionibus, tumultu
Certantes, *Odiiſque* dulcè amaris.

Anglia. Olim dum mihi *Danicæ*
Annæ ſplenduerat lumen in Inſulâ,
Annæ ſidus amabilis,
In terris erat hâc non *prior* Inſula:
Dania. Olim dum mihi *Rex tuus*
Danas Pacificus viſeret *Inſulas,*
Annâ hâc Auſpice, non erat
Terrarum Regio *par* mihi in ambitu.
Anglia. Me nunc *Principe* Dii beant,
Quam ſi fata diu in ſec'la ſuperſtitem
Fortunent, tribuam indies
Vitaï melius dimidium meæ.
Dania. Me nunc *Principe* Dii beant,
Quem ſi fata diu in ſec'la ſuperſtitem

Fortunent, tribuam (Tuæ
Et plus toto *Animæ*) dimidium meæ.
Anglia. Quid ſi nunc tuus è ſinu
Princeps excutitur *Virginis* in ſinum?
Annam quippe habeo meam,
Hanc quam mille alii plus ſatis ambiunt.
Dania. Sit quanquam *Tua par Dea*,
Et noſter *Dominâ* non minor eſt *Tuâ*.
Do nunc læta Tibi manus,
Spondebo *Comitem*, aut *Te* mihi *Præſidem*.

T. Man, A. M. Coll. Jeſu *Soc.*

Illuſtri Danorum *Principi in* Angliam *Naviganti, Nerei Vaticinium.*

AUdivere boni Dii Tua vota, Dii
Audivere boni; quum celerem *Haffniæ*
Solvens littore claſſem,
Orabas dubio in mari
Fidis propitium numen amoribus:
Nocturnumque tuebare per otium
Cæleſtes vigil ignes;
Et pulchram Veneris facem.
Ludens marmorei ſtrata per æquoris
Nereus cum placido Nereidum choro,
Lenes aure ſuſurros
Accepit, ſenior Deus,

Mox

Mox ventura canens. O juvenum decus,
Curam Te Superûm ſcito: nec æquori
Deſunt numina, votis
Quæ multùm faveant Tuis:
Seu poſcas celerem navita linteis
Auram; ſeu brevium per vada ſoſpitem
Deduci Socero Te,
Et Sponſæ incolumem velis.
Molles ipſa aditus jam Tibi præſtruit
Adjutrix tenerorum Idalis ignium;
Et ſuſpiria pulchræ
Longùm dinumerat Tuæ.
Audit quæ tacito non ſine gaudio,
Et deſideriis icta fidelibus,
Se permittet amanti;
Et votis facilem dabit.
At Tu, quum appuleris claſſe *Britanniam*
Fœlix; non rennes Idaliæ pius
Divæ Diiſque marinis
Pinguem cædere victimam.
Sic vates cecinit; quæ probat exitus.
Nuptâ jamque fruens totus amabili,
Divam amplecteris ulnis
Magni *Carolidæ* gener.

Richard. Jones, Trin. Coll. Commenſ.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Ad Celſiſſimum Principem Georgium *in* Angliam *trajicientem.*

DUm ſecat æquoreos campos ſe remige fretus
Leander, Dominæ flagrat amore ſuæ.
Parturit unda faces, & frigus ſuſcitat ignes,
Indè Venus gelido dicitur orta mari.
Poſt varios pelagi caſus, ſic maxime *Georgi*,
Ipſe Tuæ Veneri gratior hoſpes ades.
In molles deſcende ſinus, & baſia læta
Exuperent tumidi crebra peric'la maris.
Officium Ducis eſſe puta, clariſſime Princeps,
Deſignare Duces, & generare Duces.
Nactus es inſignem prædam, præſtantior ulla
Non potuit conjux Te meruiſſe virum.
Candorem morum commendat gratia vultûs,
Et genus eximiæ nobilitatis honor.
Felices thalami! per quos victor *Danus* olim,
Angliaco ſubdit libera colla jugo.
Non ita cum *Daniâ* pepegiſti, Gallia, fœdus,
Non illi fœdus connubiale ligat.

Carolus Beaumont, A. M. Col. S. *Petri* Soc.

SAlve, qui noſtras gratiſſimus Hoſpes ad oras
Veniſti, infeſtáſque audes inviſere terras,
Felices terras, miſerè in ſua damna potentes:
Salve, iterum ſalve. Quis enim ceſſaverit unquam

Hanc

Hanc Tibi, quam nobis affers, optare ſalutem?
Jampridem Conjuratis hæc Inſula turbis
Infamis quot inauditas malè callida finxit
Inſidias, arteſque necis? ſuccisa reſurgit
Hydra, novumque minax ſemper caput erigit atrum.
Audîſti: accurriſque ultrò, invictiſſime Princeps,
Nec Te ſolus Amor, ſed Virtus ipſa vocavit,
Te Fatum noſtros voluit placare tumultus,
Et pacem ſtabilem jactatæ reddere genti.
Anglorum feſſis properas ſuccurrere rebus,
Nec mora; Conjugii ſanctiſſima fœdera pangis,
Felix, qui tantis Soceróque & Conjuge dignus;
Hanc omnis pulchri commendat gloria ſexûs,
Solus Is eſt, quo nec Tu *bello major, & armis*.
Qui cunctos *Caroli* mirâclis denotat annos,
Defenditque pium præſenti numine Regem,
Hic Te poſtremò miſit. Quid fecerit ultrà?
Hactenùs ambiguis fatis exercuit Illum,
Tutum eſſe, at mediis voluit tutum eſſe periclis:
Quippè unum *Carolum* virtutis oportuit omnes
Illuſtrare vias, varióque in tramite vitæ
Explorare vices, & vincere ſortis utraſque,
Immortale ſuis decus, exemplárque *Britannis*.
Ceu quando ſylvis Sol interlucet opacis,
Et variè obſcuras diſtinguit ſplendidus umbras,
Mutant lux, tenebræque vices, dubiiſque recurſant
Flexibus, & placidè ludunt, ſtridentibus auſtris,
Clariùs in tenebris videas albeſcere lucem:
Vita refert *Caroli* mixtos variata colores,
Luxque, interpoſitis, illuſtriùs enitet, umbris.
Cui Pravi magis infenſi? Quis charior unquàm
Cœlo? Quis magis auxiliis cœleſtibus auctus?

Et pius *Æneas* fuit, & divinus *Achilles*,
Et faciles ſibi utrique Deas habuere Parentes,
Scilicet & *Thetis* huic clypeum dedit, & *Venus* illi
Mirè, quo agnoſcas cœleſtia munera, ſculptum.
Tota cohors *Carolo* cœleſtis militat inſtans,
Tutelæ ſacri Capitis, lætoque labori
Certatim invigilans; & noxia quæque repulſans,
Vertit in autores, geminatoque ingerit ictu.
Nempe Deos nulli tantos cecinere Poetæ
Unquam, nulli auſi Heroas ſibi fingere tantos,
Quantus vel *Caroli Deus* eſt, vel *Carolus Heros*.
Pacato poſtac nobis placidoque tenore
Cuncta fluent: faciem de Conjugis ore ſerenam
Aſſument; dum Tu, Princeps fortiſſime, rebus
Munimenta dabis noſtris, dabit Illa decorem:
Suaviter imperioſa ſuo reget omnia vultu,
Te quoque; præſcribet Tibi mollia jura volenti;
Omnia jam blandâ (modò fas ſit dicere) Pace
Mulcebit, nulluſque Tuis locus ampliùs armis.
Quin age perpetuos ſecurâ Pace triumphos,
Felicem quivis prolem Tibi procreet annus,
Ipſaque victrices fundant Cunabula lauros.

Rob. Jenkin, A.M. Coll. Div. *Joh.* Soc.

INter lætitiam ſolutiorem,
Et plauſum, & ſtrepitus ovantis aulæ;
Feſto carmine concinamus & nos,
Quotquot Pieridum ſumus clientes,
Nuptialia ſacra concinamus.

Hymen,

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Hymen, ô teneris diu puellis
Expetite animi tremente voto ;
Ardenti juvenum expetite : Cincti
Læta tempora Myrteis corollis,
Concinamus, Hymen, tuos honores.
Hymen, ô iterum invocande cuſtos
Humani generis ; fluente ſe'clo
Qui quantum Libitina, ſævientis
Et belli furor, orbis è ruinâ,
Addicunt Domino rapacis Orci ;
Lætis viribus integrum reponis :
Cincti tempora Myrteis corollis,
Concinamus, Hymen, tuos honores.
At feſtivius in domo potenti,
Et Regum thalamis vocaris, Hymen :
Illàc te ſequimur, favente Muſâ,
Quotquot Pieridum ſumus clientes ;
Et dum conſpicuus per ampla tendis
Aulaï ſpatia, hinc & hinc refuſo
Cinctus agmine, Nobilique pompâ ;
Concinamus, Hymen, tuos honores.
Quin & me Dii ament, Deæque, quantum
Sincero cupiam precerque voto,
Jungi compede regios amantes
Æternùm ſtabili : Bonæque Muſæ
Sic porrò vigeant, diuque vivant ;
Dum vos, nomina clara, fervidoque
Certantes ſtudio benigni amoris
Victuris jubeant nitere chartis.

Hugo Chamberlen, Trin. Coll. Commenſal.

Muſarum.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

MUſarum, quotquot uſpiam ſunt, pulſemus antra;
O Nimium paucæ! ſint licet millies novem.
Imploremus omnem Helicona,
Et Totum,
Quantus Quantus eſt,
Exerceamus Apollinem,
Ut pro Majeſtate ſuâ & affectu noſtro
Rite celebremus, quæ parantur, Nuptias.
Deſinite querimoniam (ô Canuti manes)
Quicquid in vos aut in Suenum olim peccavimus,
Cum fructu Hodie penſabitur:
Nec nobis in poſterum exprobrabitis Ethelredum.
Nam Calendas Novembres,
Et Bricii noctem calamitoſam,
Rex Ethelredo major ſanguine expiabit ſuo.
Pro tot *Danorum* millibus,
Ampliſſimam mercedem,
Unam accipite Virginem,
Egregiâ formâ & dulci probitate rubentem,
Illuſtrem *Annam*
Ortu Regio nobilem,
At fine omni purpurâ longe nobiliorem,
Utpote ſuâ virtute amictam:
Præ quâ
Sordent fictitiæ Poetarum Deæ,
Et
Cujus concinna omnia ad vivum imitarier
Mendax Antiquitas fruſtra laboraret,
Quamvis omnes Amores, omnes Cupidines
Venuſtatibus ſuis ſpoliaret,
Quò unam conficeret Venerem.

Salve

Salve
(Princeps Incomparabilis)
Et (ſi Tua permittet Humilitas)
Exple animum gaudio,
Quod ſeculi præſentis
Et voluptas audis, & ſtupor,
Quamvis poſteri Te non meminerint,
Quia nunquam credent talem extitiſſe Heroinam.
Quam certa veniunt ex oculis vulnera?
Quantâ vi placidos jacularis ignes?
Queis celſæ calent turres & ſecreti
Tremunt Principum receſſus.
Tu
Tanquam publica Regina,
Europæ cuncta obambulas palatia
Terrarum Dominis gratam vim inferens,
Quos
Eodem Ictu
Et interficis, & ſupra modum beas.
At præ cæteris gentibus
Dani formoſam venerantur *Annam*,
Divæque Virginis
Propitium agnoſcunt Numen
Hubbe Nepotes:
Quos, dum in ſervitutem reducit,
Miro beneficio
Reducit ad Antiquas ſedes,
Et quibus vincula Captivis injicit,
Ab his triumphi aguntur,
Et de Se & de Univerſâ *Britanniâ*.
Adſis, *Georgi*, Inclytum *Norwegiæ* decus,

Potire Deorum munere,
Quod reliqui frustra anhelârunt Principes:
Conveniat Tibi & suavissimæ Maritæ
(Hoc *Carolus*,
Hoc *Jacobus*,
Hoc tres Insulæ Te orant)
Regiam augere familiam,
Et dulces suscipere Nepotes,
Ingentem qui referant Avum,
Qui
Augusto Patruo
Regnandi minuant tædia,
Et longam, longam producant senectam.
Post tot *Martis* certamina & cruentas victorias
Permitte *Suecis* aliquantisper otiari,
Dum sine cæde & sanguine
In nos optatum statuis imperium.
Nam quicquid Pravis Tuis nimium protervis
Infesti olim fuimus:
Possis Tu in *Angliam* sine prælio venire
Hospes Gratissimus,
Et in omni gentis *Angulo*
Nemine abnuente pro libitu dominari.
Quid igitur cessas
Invictissime Princeps?
Cujus Inclytum nomen
Spem semper *Anglis* & salutem portat,
Accurre, si placet, oryus:
Uxorem
Nunquam potes ducere nobis opportunius.

Nam

Nam cùm popellus pro more insaniat,
Et Fanaticorum rabies tam apertè se prodat:
Britannicus Imperator
Parum securè dormiet sine *Georgio* suo.

Tho. Lynford, M. A. *Coll. Christ.* Soc.

EXcipe Hyperboreos nunc imperterrita *Cimbros*
Anglia, nec timeas terra *Britanna Getam*.
Quippe *Dani* non est jam formidabile nomen;
Mollis ubi positâ cassidè miles amat.
Anglia neve animis, neu classe superbiat ingens;
Anna, salutem oculis debeat illa Tuis,
Otia sic tranquilla fluent genialibus horis;
Et discent vultu Principis ire suæ.

R. Bynns, A. M. *Trin. Coll.* Soc.

A *Cimbris* petiit magnus sapiensque *Jacobus*
Sponsam, quæ petrâ non nive casta minus.
Cognatam repetit Princeps jam *Cimbricus Anglam*,
Nam magè se dignam non habet unde petat.
Sic Sponsa illustris petiturque, daturque vicissim,
Sic Sponsique vices *Danus*, & *Anglus* habet.
Ne velut amissus longo fit tramite sanguis
Tam concors, placuit fœdus inire novum.
Sic quoque divisas, sed ab uno fonte fluentes,
In flumen videas ire libenter aquas.

Illinc prodierat ſemper memoranda propago,
Virtus & pietas non ſuperanda malis.
Nunc quæ res dubias *Anglorum*, votaque figat
Anxia, ſit ſoboles hinc numeroſa precor.
Sanguine, connubii vinc'lis, & amore ligantur,
Quodque ligat verè, Relligione pari.
Hinc ſpes magna venit, curante id Rege, perennis
Ut ſine fæce fluat Lege ſacrata Fides.
Mitte metus, turbaſque malas, Gens *Anglica*, Princeps
Quod jus faſque facit: cætera crede Deo.

O. D. A. M. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.

In Auſpicatiſſimas Principum Nuptias Ode.

Ad Daniæ *Principem Illuſtriſſimum in* Angliam *navigantem.*

QUàm læto Oceanus Te vehit impetu!
Quàm ſacro ſaliunt æquora pondere!
Princeps lenior aurâ,
Princeps *Marte* potentior.
Ut venti properant auxilium dare,
Et mulcent placido carbaſa flamine!
Sedatâ maris undâ
Pulchrè Principis æmulâ.
Quanta en! adveniunt agmina piſcium!
En! puppi quot amant oſcula pangere!
Te mutuo ore celebrant,
Te Numen cupiunt ſuum:

Te

Te omnes æquoreæ deperiunt Deæ,
Laſciviſque petunt undique fluctibus,
Ac molle agmen Amorum
Circùm ictum volitat caput:
Miratur *Pelagi* cernere ſe alterum
Majoremque Deum *Cæruleus Pater*;
Geſtit, dulce ſalutat
Blando murmure Te Procum.
Ergo omnes comites, & famulos vocat,
Huic ſervire jubet quemque Deo, jubet
Pulchras ducere ad oras,
Claroſque *Angliacos* ſinus:
Lectorum en! veniunt turba ſatellitum,
Feſtinant cupidè juſſa faceſſere,
Dant parendo tumultum,
Tantùm hoc obſequium placet!
Jam tandem *Britonum* littora Te vident,
Arridentque Tibi mœnia amabili;
Sponſum Te vocat *Echo*,
Et gaudet repetens ſonum:
Excurrit tacitâ ad Te *Thamiſis* fugâ,
Ludentes placidè lubricat undulas,
Mira & voce loquaces
Lymphæ tranſiliunt ratem.
Te ſalvere jubent omnia, quæ vides,
Teque urbes, & agri laudibus efferunt,
Clamant Te *Jove* miſſum,
Dignum Conjuge Te Deâ.
Hùc Te cuncta ſacrum præſidium vocant,
Ut ſervas *Carolùm*, atque in *Carolo* omnia, &
Regnum pace ſerenum
Tecum certet amoribus.

Ergo lætus ades, ſæva tonitrua
Vulgi, ira, & rabies, atque odia, & minæ, &
Conjurata procella
Etſi Te feriant, *Venis*:
Quin ſponſæ ad Thalamos acceleras iter,
Quò plaudente pedes Te rapiunt gradu;
Sed tardum queritans Te,
O quàm mens Tua prævolat!
Ut victricis amas ſpicula Principis!
Quàm gaudent taciè ſancia pectora, &
Ludit mens in ocellis,
Ut cernat propiùs Deam!
Hæc fixis avidè luminibus videt,
Flammaſque ex oculis hauriat amantibus;
Pulchro Hæc uritur igne,
Urit pulchrior ignibus.
Ergo ſerta juvat tenere ſcorbus;
Sed nativa micant lilia Principis,
Quæ & pictum decus anni
Frontis vincat honoribus.
Sic juncti Thalamis, atque animis magis,
Blandis Se ſuperent invicem amoribus;
Pulchrâ & prole beata
Terras uſque beet Dea,
Quam laudent volucres, ſylváque garrula;
Quin & noſtra humili Muſa canat lyrâ
Matrem Illàm eſſe Deorum,
Quam Nuptam cerinit Deam.

G. Fenbie, A. M. Aul. Pemb. Soc.

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

ΦΑ'Ος ἄμμιν ὡς γλύκιστον,
Θυγάτηρ πόλυ γελεῦσα,
Γαράκοιτις ἠδὲ Φοίβυ,
Ἄνα τ' ἄρτι ἡλίοιο
Σταμένοιο χρυσοχαίτα,
Γλύκιον δοκεῖ, ὅθ' ἡ νύξ
Γεροπορεύεται μελαγχρὼς,
Μέχρι νυμφικὸν θριάμβον
Ἄνεμοί τε ὄρνιθές τε,
Ἁπαλὰς διδόντες ᾠδὰς,
Περίπυστον εὐλογοῦσιν·
Ἀκαδημίας Θεαὶ ὡς
(Τὰ φίλ' ἦ φρονεῖ ὁ Φοῖβος.)
Ἱλαρὰς φέρουσιν οἴμας
Χαριεστάτῃ τε Ἄννῃ,
Βρεταμῶν φάει ἀγητῷ,
Γαμέτῃ τε ἄρτι πόντου
Ἀπὸ κυμάτων κιόντι.
Δύο νύκτα ἄρτι κείνω
Διελαύνετον τρομώδη·
Σέλαός τε λαμπετῶντος,
Γεροδιδόντες οἱ τὸ κοινὸν,
Μετέωρα ὡς, πεσόντες,
Ἔφυγον· Φόβυς δὲ ἡμᾶς
Φλογὶ δαίομεν πλατειέων,
Ὑμέναιος ἣν ἀνῆψε
Καθ' ἅπαν. Μόνως Κυθήρης
Ἐρόεντα, οὐκ Ἄρηος,
Γόλιν Ἀγγλικὴν τὰ δεσμὰ
Κωταδεῖ εὐδοκοῦσαν.
Πόλις Ἀγγλικὴ γάμοιο

Φίλα

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

Φίλα φίλτρα, ἠδὲ Κίμβρων
Ὁμόνοιαν ἰσόμοιρον
Μαλακωτάτως ἄησι.
Τίνι δ' ἔστιν ἄρτι λύπη;
Ὅδ' ἀναφρόδιτος ἀνὴρ,
Προδότης, δίκην διδοίη
Καρόλῳγε, οὐδ' ἀνίᾳ
Μέγα χάρμα νῦν μιαίνῃ.
Ἴδε πῶς Θεάτρα ἤδη
Θαλερῆς μετ' ἀγχινοίης
Μάκαρας λέγει Ἔρωτας.
Ἴδε πῶς καλοὶ Γεωργοὶ,
Ἀφένου πόθου τε μεστοὶ,
Σκιερῶν ὕπερθε φύλλων
Βίον Ἄμβροτον ἄγουσιν,
Ἀποφθεγμάτων ἔρωτος
Λαμυροῦ σοφῶς γέμοντες.
Ὅλον ἔθνος ἐντ' ἀγάπη,
Γρύταμνις δὲ ἐντ' ἀγάπη.
Καλιὰν τιθεῖσιν ἐνταῦθ'
Ἄρα ἡμέρη, ἰδ' ὄλβος,
Χρυσέη τε ἀσφαλεία,
Βίοτός τε δῖος ἥβης.
Τάδε πάντα ἐστὶν ἡμῖν
Θάλαμοι Δανοῦ καὶ Ἄννης.
Ὁτεόισιν εὐτυχεῖσθαι
Μὴ ἐπεύχομαι, ἅτ' εὖτι
Γάνυ ὄλβιοι, οἱ ἄλλους
Γάνυ ὀλβίους ποιοῦντες.

Ed. Spence, A. M. *Coll. Jes.* Soc.

In

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

In Connubium Dano-Britannicum.

ANglia regalem *Danis* modò debuit *Annam*;
Noſtra ſed Hæc patriam liberat *Anna* fidem.
Liberat, idque modis iſtis, ut Gratia nobis
Debita ſit, *Dani*, quæ modò veſtra fuit.

Carolus Otway, A. M. *Coll. Div. Joban.* Soc.

ANglos quæ pridem junxere jugalia vinc'la
Cum *Danis*, celebri ſunt memoranda die:
Quod Rex *Jacobus* Reginam duxerat *Annam*,
Quodque manent fauſti pignora multa tori.
Hinc Divus *Carolus* partâ jam pace triumphans,
Qui ſacra firmavit ſanguine jura ſuo.
Hinc *Carolus* noſter quem ut jura fidemque tueri
Poſſit, ab inſidiis protegit ipſe Deus.
Hinc *Jacobus* adeſt, à quo, fortiſſime *Georgi*,
Regia virgo data eſt, alteraque *Anna*, Tibi.
Jam ſumus ergo pares alterno munere Gentes,
Jam vicibus verſis *Anna* recepta data.
Auguſti ambo vovent, & Avunculus ipſe, Paterque
Quos ſequitur votis *Anglia* tota ſuis,
Anglica ut *Anna* ſuâ tam ſit Tibi prole beata,
Danica Jacobo quam fuit *Anna* ſuâ.

Edw. Turner, Coll. *Sid. Suſſ.* Soc.

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

SPes *Daniæ*, magnumque decus, celeberrime *Geôrgi*!
Undè juvat natale solum, charosque penates
Linquere, & infidi tentare pericula ponti?
Cur tantum tranâsse maris, glacieque ligatam
Spumifero gestis rostro perfringere Tethyn,
Et *Britonum* plenis petis impiger ostia velis?
Scilicet *Angliaco* quæ clara refulget in orbe
Stella suos radios ad Cimbrica distulit arva,
Axis hyperborei solvens ardore pruinas;
Atque novum mirata jubar Zeelandia sensit.
Ignibus *Anna* Suis cordis penetralia *Geôrgii*
Intima trajiciens per totas tota medullas
Spargitur, & lentis depascit pectora flammis.
Illa Tuas puppes, cùm sæva frementis ararent
Terga maris, nè fortè latentia saxa nocerent,
Aut vada contundant, rapiant aut gurgite syrtes,
Nocturnâ rexit luce, auspiciisque diurnis.
Qualis, ubi Getico properat Gradivus ab Hæmo
Ad Paphias sedes, & Cypri tecta superbæ
Intermissa diù repetens solamina lecti,
Alma Venus rutilis gemmis, auroque coruscans
Idalio longè de vertice Itora lustrat,
Atque jubet tumidos sese componere fluctus:
Ocyus in planum subsidunt, æquoris ira
Sternitur, & facies pelagi placidissima ridet.
Intereà Mavors Cytheream suave micantem
Adspicit, atque hilaris tam fausti syderis ortu
Dirigit ille rates, & non errante carinâ
Tramitibus breviora secat compendia tutis.
Rex tamen Oceani, Princeps Amplissime, pinus

Inco-

Incolumes dedit eſſe Tuos, clavumque tenebas
Cymothoë, validâ promovit cuſpide Triton,
Nereïdumque chorus ſummis prælufit in undis.
Adverſas hyemes fremebundo carcere clauſit
Æolus; atque unum laxavit Japyga vinc'lis,
Qui poterat claſſi flatum aſpirare faventem,
Et criſpare ſinus turgentes mollibus auris.
Ergò age, grate veni Juvenis; lætantur arenæ
Hoſpite cognato. Fuit *Anglia Dania* quondam,
Et ſociis thalamis in gentem crevimus unam.
Verùm Tu quæris meliori numine tedas;
Non ſicuti torvuſque Sueno, duruſque Canutus,
Cùm gravis urgeret *Britonas* Bellona flagello.
Non furiis comitatus ades, Mavortia tela
Non clangunt humeris, neque finxit Mulciber æra.
Sed placido lambit ſolio Tua tempora myrtus;
Binis proſequitur roſeis Concordia ſertis,
Quæ Tibi dilectæque Tuæ contexerat *Annæ*.
Fronte jocus lepiduſque ſedent, & riſus amœnus,
Et Veneres, Chariteſque, & quicquid ſpirat amorem.
Officioſus Hymen ſolenni munere tangi
Feſtinat; manuſque manum conjungere noſtræ
Perpetuo, cupidamque diu narrata per urbem
Fœdera ſupremâ genialia pangere gaudet.
En! quàm divinos conſert per nobile greſſus!
Dulcia quàm facilis majeſtas ora colorat!
Et quàm digna viro Conjux, Vir conjuge dignus!
Vivite felices! & ſeros volverit annos
Producens Lachefis niveam de ſtamine filum;
Atque fluant vobis meliori ſæc'la metallo.
Plauſibus intereà, cantuque, lyriſque, choreiſque
Intonet ipſe polus; lætiſque tremoribus aër

Subſiliat ; feſtis diſrumpant aſtra Thalaſſis
Orcades, ingeminans reſpondeat ultima Thule.

G. Sagg, A.B. *C.C.C.* Soc.

MArtis caſtra ſequens, *Georgi*, fera bella cientis,
Semper ovans ſtrato Victor ab hoſte redis.
Caſtra ſequens Veneris tenerorum matris Amorum
Vidiſti, & ſpoliis addita Nympha Tuis.
Virtus quanta Tua eſt, O *Georgi*, Vincere cujus
Eſt manibuſque Tuis, eſt oculiſque Tuis!

W. Walker, A.B. *Trin. Coll.*

QUaliter Auriacus Princeps ceſſavit ab armis,
Ut peteret Thalamos pulchra Maria Tuos:
Sic Heros *Daniæ* fugit arma Cupidine doctus,
Ut peteret Thalamos, *Annæ* Marita, Tuos.
Sortitum tandem, junctumque Sororibus *Anglis*,
Nobile Par gaudet nobiliore Pari.
Scilicet hæc *Batavûm*, *Daniæque* hæc gloria ſumma eſt
Affines fieri *Carole* poſſe Tibi.

E. Thomas, A.B. *Aul. Pemb.*

Fama

FAma per innumeras volitat dum nuncia gentes,
Et perhibet formam, Regia Virgo, Tuam;
Ecce! ille ante alios Princeps digniſſimus, armis
(Cæce puer) veſtris eminus ictus amat.
Accenſas flammas mare non extinxit amoris,
In mare nimirum jus habet Alma Venus.
Ocyus ad naves properat feſtinus amator,
Accelerans votis turgida vela ſuis;
Phœbe, ait, ô citius lentos impelle caballos,
Scis benè amatori quàm malè grata mora eſt.
Tuque meis velox faveas, Dea Cynthia, cœptis,
Et moveant animum Latmia ſaxa tuum.
Te precor ut totos immittas, Æole, ventos;
Non levis in noſtras ſufficit aura rates.
Atque Cupido ſuas properanti accommodet alas,
Quis celer ad thalamos non erit *Anna* Tuos?
Arrident precibus fœlicia numina juſtis,
Tangit & optatum læta carina ſolum.
Adſpicit, & pulchros ſtupet heros *Danus* ocellos,
Miraturque Tuas, Nobilis *Anna*, genas.
Quantus in ore decor! quæ celſæ gratia frontis!
Æmula ſunt gemmis lumina, labra roſis.
Hæc Dea Virtutem promiſit, & altera regnum,
Pulchra tamen Paridi Tyndaris una placet.
Sola Venus Phrygio juveni favet, at Tibi, Princeps,
Aſpicimus trinas invigilare Deas:
Et Tibi fauſta magis, Virtutem Helenamque dederunt
Numina jamdudum, fors Tibi regna dabunt.

Richardus Martyn, Trin. Coll.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Ad Daniæ *Principem in Iter ſuum.*

CUm Tua ſpumantes ſolviſti vela per undas,
Direxit curſum quæ *Cynoſura* Tuum:
Illa quidem, ſtellâ longè formoſior ullâ,
Quæ nitet *Anglicæ*, *Lucida Virgo*, ſolo.

Tho. Hobart, Sid. Coll. Commenſal.

Ad PRINCIPEM.

DUm Tua fama ſuit notum diffuſa per orbem,
Accepit gratos *Anglia* læta ſonos.
Dum videt, & viſum cupiit, fruiturque cupito,
Sentit lætitiam, nec capit ipſa, ſuam.
Nobilitate potens veterum, Dux inclyte, Regum,
Verâ virtutis nobilitate potens,
En! Tua Sponſa venit, jam Regia decora intus
Nympha, Jovis thalamo digna, ſed apta Tuo.
Illa duas junctim, pugnantia Numina, Divas
Connectit, plures continet una Deas.
Mollis in auguſtâ fulget gravitate Juventas,
Formoſa in doctâ Pallade Cypris inest.
Magna Tuis titulis, divino Maxime Patre,
Quem lapſum è cœlis inſula noſtra colit.
Fortunate Gener Socero, Generoque vicissim
Fortunate Socer, Nympha beata Viro.
De ſponſo Pallas, de ſponſâ Cypriâ gaudet,
Hunc Mars, Hanc Charites, Hos quoque Phœbus amat.

Tuque

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Tuque perite Puer, quem mendax Græcia cœcum
Injuſtè voluit, quàm bene quæque vides!
Apparent ſignis connubia læta ſecundis,
Ille Deos facilè præterit, Illa Deas.
Hîc poſuit nova regna Venus, nova ſurgit & Alba,
Mox dabit Aſcanios, pignora grata Patri.
Creſcat amor thalami quantum Proſapia creſcit,
Neſtoreoſque neant fata benigna dies.

Joſephus Spenſe, A.B. Coll. D. *Joh. Evang.*

In Nuptias Principum Georgii, *& Dominæ* Annæ.

UNica Tu fratris, *Princeps Dulciſſime*, Imago es,
Tuque O *Anna* Tui *Filia Tota* Patris.
Moribus, Ingenio, Formâ, Virtute, Triumphis,
Eſtis Regali & Stemmate utrique Pares.
Hæc Tibi, Tuque Illi es laudi; non *Conjuge* dignum
Te meliore puto, Te meliore *Viro*.
Quid dignum Veſtro precer, O Par Nobile, Amore?
More Tuæ Vivas *Principis*, Illa *Tuo*.

Falkner, Coll. *Jeſu*.

PRincipe jamdudum devicta eſt *Anglia Dana*;
Palmáque magnanimo Principe digna fuit:
Angliacâ victus jam Princeps Principe *Danus*:
Illa quidem bello, Hic victus amore fuit.

Si

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Si tandem ignoras utri plus *Dania* debet;
Præmia dum ſpectas, haud dubitare queas.

Johan. Hewgoe, Trin. Coll.

Angligenæ Danique pares agitate triumphos,
Exoptata diu fœdera junxit Amor.
Felix! cui diadema dedit Natura, *Britannos*
In dotem forſan Sponſa pudica dabit.
Sponſa beata! Cupit cujus de corpore Princeps
Hæredem, & Reges *Anglia* tota ſuos.
Utraque terra Parens felix, felicior Illa
Quæ junctos gremio nutrit amica ſuo.
Tam fortunatis, precor, ut rediviva prioris
Gaudia multiplicet craſtina quæque Dies.

Rob. Cannon, Coll. Regal.

Cimbria Te genuit, Tibi nutrix Gallia, Sponſa
Unde peti tanto Principe digna poteſt?
Ecce quod optabas, nec Te ſpes vana fefellit,
Venit in amplexus Virgo *Britanna* Tuos.
Cui Pater Eboraci Princeps inſignis & armis,
Et pace, & ſolo fratre minor *Carolo*.
Quid non, Principibus ſolenni hoc fœdere junctis,
Præſidii populus ſperet uterque ſibi?
Tu fortis, Tu ſanctus eris, Tu *Geôrgius* alter
Anglis, Illa Tuæ Palladium patriæ.

G. Holt, Aul. Trin. *Alumnus*.

Con-

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

COnjunctum *Veneri Martem, Danoſque Britannis*
Dum canit altiſonis docta caterva modis,
Affero ſincerum culto pro carmine votum,
Quod minus ingenii, plus pietatis habet.
Vivant Ambo diu, vivant fœliciter, opto;
Diligat hic Sponſam, diligat illa Virum;
Junctos perpetuâ teneas *Hymenæe* catenâ;
Junctos, *Juno*, die protege, nocte, *Venus*.
Exultent ſimili felices prole Parentes,
Ut petat hinc multos Natio bina duces.
Cúmque ſenes pariter cupiant valedicere terris,
Ne Mors auguſtum dividat atra jugum;
Sed qualis raptum tranſvexit currus *Elijam*,
Tranſvehat ad ſuperas talis utrúmque domos.

M. Prior, Coll. Div. Joh. *Alumn.*

ÆStibus infandis ſuccedunt gaudia noſtris,
Regnat & in terris mitior ignis, Amor;
Non petit Hic ſacras Naturæ infringere leges,
Nec tranferre pium *Cæſaris* Imperium.
Illuſtres Animæ, vos qui renovaſtis Amorem,
Eſtis Honore pares, Eſtis Amore pares.
Aſſumpſi *Cytharam*, nervíque, *Cupidinis* arma
Gaudia dant, molles & ſine cæde ſonos:
Geſta Ducum valeant, Heroum clara valete,
Non apta eſt noſtræ gratia veſtra lyræ.
Cum victrix & victus habet cur gaudeat, ipſa
Mollior, & melior (credite) Pugna placet:

Hæc etiam placuere *Jovi* certamina. Solus
Vera habet ingenuæ ſymbola mentis Amor.
Perge Puer *Veneris* noſtram firmare ſalutem,
Feſtivos faciunt hos Tua tela dies.

Guilielmus Offley, A. B. Coll. Regal. *Socius.*

QUàm fœcundo olim *Vinc'lo* nupſêre *Parentes*
Humani generis: quàm læto *Pyrrha* ſuperſtes
Cum *Conſorte* pio renovârunt ſecula partû:
Dum ſtetit *omnis* trepidè (velut *Anglia*) fructus
Expectans Natura *tori*: Tam *Veſtra* feraci
Auguſtæ ſobolis partû fœlicia ſunto
Connubia. Hinc (minimum eſt, *Anglis* ut ſuppetat *Hæres*
Imperii) vaſtis donetur Regibus Orbis.
Fallor? An arrides, *Hymenæe*, & pronuba *Juno*?
Ergo, cum nobis ſacro prognata cubili
Herôum in cunis ſuccreſcet Natio; quæ Gens,
Quod cuique imperium & rerum ſignentur habenæ?
Unus Hyperboreo reddatur *Georgius* axi;
Alter ad Imperium *Carolus*, qui fræna cohorti
Lunatæ imponat, torquè exterminet *Iſtro*
Graſſantem *Turcam*. *Turca* impia fœdera pactum
Henricus Gallus fundet victricibus armis.
Hunc Gades, *Tingis*, *Mauri*, *Numidæque* ſuperbum
Accipient: *Alium* ſupplex venerabitur *Indus*.
Debetur *Novus Auguſti* ſucceſſibus *Orbis*
Antoni fuſis *Carolina* ad littora turmis.

Interea,

Interea, reliquis dum bellica laurea ſerpit,
Pacificum maneant *Britannica* Regna *Jacobum.*

Griffith Nanney, Coll. Div. Joh. *Commenſal.*

GEns Tua nos olim vincebat, maxime Princeps,
Armis: Tu vincis, nec tamen arma geris.
Tu nos vincis amore: Tuumque ſequetur amorem
Armis quod Patres non potuere Tui.
Vincula, quæ illa olim nectebant enſis & arma,
Felici tandem rupta fuêre die.
At nunquam rumpet, nunquam *Anglia* rumpere quæret,
Vincula, quæ nectis Victor amore Tuo.

Ric. Stephens, Coll. Regal. *Soc.*

MIttito mordaces, Dux invictiſſime, curas;
Pulchra peroptato filia nupta viro eſt.
Quem *Mars* à teneris annis eduxit in armis,
Hunc *Venus* in gremio nunc fovet alma ſuo.

Fran. Prujean, Aul. Trin. *Commenſal.*

NOn fuit *Angliaca* ſatis Hos vinxiſſe catena,
Opprimere at *Latio* compede *Muſa* paras?
Numine, Dic, quo inflata, poetica vincula nectis,
Principibuſque aptas, *Enthea Muſa*, tuis.

Cur iterùm in verſu captiva includitur *Anna*?
An quia belligeros vicit amore *Danos*?
Vel quod tanti erat, ut peteret ſic *Gallia* vinci?
Sic vinci, at fruſtrà, *Gallia* tota petit:
Ergò toros aliò quærat jam *Gallus* amator:
Contigerit ſoli gloria tanta *Dano*.
Hocce illi ſolùm à fatis conceditur, Arma
Ut felix geſtet, magnáque bella gerat.
Omnibus è ſpoliis tandem ut ſit digna corona,
Vel *Dano*---- *Angliacum* cingere Digna caput.

Robertus Blake, Coll. Regal. *Soc.*

NUminis Alati Par Nobile ſiſtit ad aras;
Ille ſuis votis urget, & Illa, Deum.
Hic petit ut ſibi jam facilis victoria detur;
Ut mora nulla ſiet, nec minus Illa petit.
Æquè, (quantumvis cæcum) reſpexit utrumque
Numen; nam prius hoc jufſerat Alma *Venus*.
Georgius Auguſtam ſibi captam vendicat *Annam*;
Néve nimis Jactet, captus & Ille ſimul:
Sic dum concertant, quid poſſit uterque viciſſim,
Ambo licet victi, Victor uterque fuit.

Joannes Hyde, Aul. Clar. *Commenſal.*

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Ad Illuſtriſſimum Principem Georgium *poſt conjurationem nuper detectam in* Angliam *tendentem.*

NEc magìs optandus Princeps, nec gratior hoſpes
Viſerit *Angliacos*, ductus amore, lares.
Inſula ſchiſmatico nuper laniata *Dracone*,
Stricto terribilem poſtulat Enſe Ducem.
Infeſtum evomuit rabies malè ſana furorem,
Schiſmaticiſque fuit Gens peritura dolis.
Undique feralem meditata eſt Turba ruinam,
Imaque pervaſit viſcera peſtis edax.
Enſe tamen, clypeiſque Tuis defenſa reſurgat
Inſula; turbatis ſalva triumphet aquis.
Multiplices contunde manus, *Hydram*que rebellem,
Comprime larvatum, *Mars* metuende, malum.
His ito auſpiciis; his Tutelare *Britannis*
Numen ades; voto Dux potiare Tuo.

Georgius Mompeſſon, A. B. *Coll.* S^ti *Petr.*

MAgna cano, gentis communia gaudia, Princeps,
Proveniunt Thalamis gaudia tanta Tuis.
Muſa modum neſcit; celebrant connubia Nymphæ,
Cum Satyris Charites conſtituúntque choros.
Sylveſtres Dryades, & ruſtica numina Fauni
Gratantur Thalamis, Sponſa beata, Tuis.
Ipſe *Hymenæus* adeſt redimitus tempora ſertis,
Exornat tædam Pronuba *Juno* novam.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Quis valet applauſum? Quis dicere vota diei?
Lætitiam vulgi dicere quíſve poteſt?
Dulcia ſecuræ veniunt hinc pignora pacis;
Firma ſtat inter aquas Terra *Britanna* ſuas.
Illuſtri faciat Deus Hos citò prole beatos;
Neſtoreos annos vivat uterque precor.

Tho. Haſtewood, C. C. C.

ARma movent *Turcæ*, pacem *Germania* poſcit,
Gallia Piratis triſtia fata parat;
Mollis Amor, metuens belli tolerare labores,
Per mare per terras hûc fugiebat, ovans.
Lumina cùm celſæ pulcherrima viderat *Annæ*,
Dixit, Tu ſola es Principe digna *Dano*.

Anglia, poſt ſævæ patefacta pericula fraudis,
(Crimina vix poterit lingula tanta loqui)
Quæ tibi *Roma* ferens, atque inſidioſa *Geneva*
Struxerunt, (duplici religione truces)
Indue lætantem vultum, non omine lævo,
Contingunt pariter gaudia bina Tibi.
Rex ſalvus, Princepſque novus, Tua gloria, natus,
Ortu *Cimber* erat, nunc tamen *Anglus* erit.

Tho. Walker, A. M. *Coll. Sid. Suſſ.* Soc.

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

ΔΟ'Σ μοι Ὁμηρείοιο σοφὸν βάθος ἀνθερεῶνος
Φοῖβε πάτερ, καὶ κόσμον, ὃς Ἴλιον ἐστεφάνωσε,
Κόσμον ἀγηράντων πεπλεγμένον ἄνθεσι μύθων·
Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ νέον ἄλλον Ἀχιλλέα καλὸν ἀείδω,
Καρτερὸν ἐν πολέμῳ, θεοείκελον, ὄρχαμον ἀνδρῶν,
Ἄλλην δ' αὖ Ἑλένην καλλίσφυρον, εὐπαπέρειαν,
Ἥμισυ μὲν θ' Ἑλένην, τὸ δὲ ἥμισυ Γηνελόπειαν·
Τοὺς δὲ δύω ζυγίῳ θαλάμῳ ξυνέθηκαν Ἔρωτες.
Γοίους ἐλπώμεσθα νέους ἥρωας ἔσεσθαι
Τοίων ἐκ πατέρων, Γοῖον δ' ἱερῆς ἀπὸ ῥίζης
Χρυσόκομον βλάστημα, τῷ ἐν χλοεροῖσι πετήλοις
Ἔξοχον ἀστράπτῃσι τὰ Ἑσπερίδων κλυτὰ μῆλα,
Χρύσεα, μαρμαίροντα, παρηΐσι μητρὸς ὁμοῖα,
Τέκνα τε χρυσείης ἀπὸ χρύσεα πάντα γενέθλης,
Τέκνα θεοῖς ἀτάλαντα καὶ ἡμιθέοισι παλαιοῖς.
Ἄννην πρώτον ἀείδω ἐν Ἀγγλιάδεσσιν ἀρίστην,
Καλλίκομον, πολύδωρον, Ἰακώβοιο θύγατρα,
Υἱωνὴν ΚΑΡΟ'ΛΟΙΟ μεγακλήεντος ἄνακτος.
Τῆς δέ κεν ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐρατώπιδας, ἠδὲ παρειέων
Κύκλα ἐρυθριόωντα, ῥοδόχροα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
Ἀιδοίας τε ὁμῶς χάριτας σεμνοῖο μετώπου,
Ἠδ' ἄλλον θησαυρὸν ὅλον χροὸς ἱμερόεντος
Γεοφρονέως ἐνέποιμι, ἐράσμιον ὕμνον ἀγάλλων·
Ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰδέομαι, στυγερὸν μὴ ζῆλον ὀρίνω
Ἥρωος Δανοῖο Γεωργίου, ὃς τάδε πάντα
Οὐκ ἄλλοις ἀναφανδὰ θέλοι λεχθήμεναι αὔτως,
Σῖγα δ' ἔχει φρεσὶν ᾗσι τεταρπόμενος φίλον ἦτορ.
Τούτου δ' αὖ γένος ἐσθλὸν, ἀνακτόριον, πολύφημον,
Καὶ κάρτος μεγάθυμον, ἐρισθενὲς ἐν πολέμοισι,
Θαρσαλέως ἐρέοιμι, τὰ γάρ θ' ὅλος ᾔδεε κόσμος,
Ἀλλὰ τί ταῦτ' ἐρέοιμι, τά τ' ᾔδεε κόσμος ἀπείρων;

Ἐν

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

Ἓν τόδ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἀείσω, ὃ καὶ πολὺ λώϊόν ἐστιν,
Ἥρως σοῦτος Ἄνακτι τετιμένος ἐστὶν ἀρίστῳ,
ΚΑΡΟΛΙΔΗι βασιλῆϊ, οὗ κλέος οὐρανὸν ἷκε·
Καλλίστην δὲ γυναῖκα, θεῆς ἐνδείγκιον ἄντην,
Παῖδα φίλην Ἰακώβου ὑπερβίου Ἡγεμονῆος
Ἦγε λαβὼν ἀνάεδνον, ἔχει δ' ἐπιμείλια πολλά.
ΚΑΡΟΛΕ, χαῖρε, ἄναξ, δηρὸν δὲ μέτισθι Βρετανοῖς
Ζωὸς καὶ σόος ὢν καὶ ἀπείρονι κύδεϊ γαίων·
Καὶ σὺ, φίλ' Ἠβορακεῦ, ΚΑΡΟΛΟΥ θεομάρτυρος υἱὲ,
Καὶ σὺ, Γεώργιε δῖε, πόσις καλλισφύρου Ἄννης,
Καὶ σὺ, φίλη χαῖρ' Ἄννα, φίλου Δανοῖο ἄκοιτις·
Μηνὶ δ' ἐγὼ δεκάτῳ τὰ λοχεύματα σεῖο λέγοιμι.

Josua Barnes, Emman. Coll. *Socius*.

ARma gigantæo plusquam molimine mota
In *Carolum*, *Fratrém*que pium, fraudésque nefandas
Vidimus; indignósque Orco *damnavimus* ausus;
Et Regem ereptum letho gratamus ovantes:
Scilicet is superis labor est, ea Cura suorum
Sceptrigerûm: Ut nigri frustrà Moderator Averni,
Infernóque homines acti in scelus omne furore,
Augusto insidias Capiti tendántque struántque.
Impia Gens! Invisa Polo, mala pondera Terræ;
Quæ tanta infelix animos Dementia cepit?
Ut toties adversa experti Numina bellum,
Nunc iterum in Cœlos sceleratáque tollitis arma?
Sícne ergò exciderint patulæ *miracula Quercûs*,
Quæ *Carolum* complexa sinu celabat ab hoste?
Nec minùs *Eboraco* parcebant æquora Ponti;
Oppidáque arserunt ultrò, pia Victima, Regi.
At nunc ipse Deus, quam Vos stirpémque domúmque

Fraudi-

Fraudibus, inſidiíſque, odiíſque urgetis iniquis,
Latiùs hanc proferre parat, dextrâque potenti
Altiùs infoſſæ fundamina ferrea terræ
Defigit; Venerandus Apex ad ſydera ſurgit.
Dania terra olim *Henrico*, *Caroloque* Parentem
Rupertóque dedit fœcundam Regibus *Annam*:
Anglia nunc *Annam* peperit: Tu, *Dania*, nobis
Redde vices: Sic illa Parens utróſque beabit
Angligenas Danóſque futurorum ordine Regum.
Ecce! venis, belli ſtudiis metuende *Georgi*,
Nec minùs ore decens; ſimilíſque per omnia *Phœbo*,
Cùm *Delum* inviſit: Laurus per tempora ſerpit;
Inque loco pharetræ Veſtis fluit aurea tergo:
Hunc procul *Ortygiæ* matres teneræque Puellæ
Mirantur; tacitéque illum creduntque feruntque
Jure Deum ob formam fieri; ſimilemque precantur;
Nec *Daphnæ* jam vota probant.———
Talis ab *Arctoo* graditur pulcherrimus orbe
Heros *Daniacus*: Nec eum Gens *Galla* moratur;
Nec te etenim magnum Major, *Lodovice*, putabat:
Sola Illum properantem & jam tum tendere certum
Principis *Auriaci* paulùm levis *Haga* coërcet:
Dum *Mariæ* ex vultu & niveo ſplendore ſororis
Ipſe Suos tacitè Secum prælibet amores.
Inde ruit, ventóſque obſtantiáque æquora damnat,
Atque Ipſam impatiens vocat & volat ales ad *Annam*.
Carolus Ipſe putat dignum; Generúmque vocabat,
Ut vidit, *Dux Eboraci*; nec & *Anna* negabat.
Et dubitamus adhuc diffundi in gaudia Cives?
Qui ſua nunc læto non tollit jubila plauſu,
Aut quo more valet, ſaltat, vel carmina fundit;
Ille mei *Caroli* credo vel morte trinmphet.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Eja age, *Daniacæ* Princeps Chariſſime Gentis,
Fortibus aſtringe egregiam complexibus *Annam*;
Et conare ſimul, dum Tu Tua gaudia carpis;
Nè pia truſtreris præmiſſa hæc gaudia noſtra.

Joſua Barnes, A. M. *Eman. Coll.* Soc.

AUſpiciis, Hymenæe, Tuis cecinere Camænæ
Fœlices nuper noſtræ conjuncta jugali
Fœdere cum Belgis *Britonum* connubia; pergis
Noſque iterùm ditare novis, Hymenæe, Triumphis:
Dic mihi, quæ Tellus nunc noſtros quærit Amores?
Conjuge Te dignus quis, Virgo *Britannica*, Princeps,
Qui face ſolenni conjungat Te Sibi, Nympha?
Cimbricus *Angliacas* Princeps venit Hoſpes ad Oras,
Qui Theridi modo cura fuit, nymphiſque marinis,
Creditur Ille Tuæ curæ nunc Pronuba Juno,
Dum teneat gremium dilectum Conjugis *Annæ*;
Ille Tori ſolus venit ad conſortia dignus:
Ille Lares proprios, Patriam, Regnumque reliquit,
Conjugis amplexuſque petit, dum trans volet æquor,
Cujus & ignitos ventus modo fovit Amores.
En quantos meritò Tibi dat Tua Forma triumphos!
Salve Tu noſtræ Gentis Cytheræa ſuperbæ,
Nobile Tu fixum *Carolino* ſidus in orbe;
Namque Tuam ad Lucem direxit Navita puppem,
Atque Tuæ Lucis moderamine tutus in undis.
Necte Deus nodum, ſancitaque fœdera necte.
Sit mora nulla precor, pariles conjungito flammas,
Nam video pacem præſagâ mente futuram
Omine ab hoc læto; conjuncto ſidere Vates
Aſtrologique aiunt fauſtiſſima fata renaſci:

Flectere

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Flectere ſi Stellæ nequeant, Tua cognita Virtus
Tum valeat terrere malos animoſque rebelles.
En! venit *Angliacæ* gratiſſimus Hoſpes ad oras,
Gentis nutantis columen, paciſque futuræ
Maxima Spes, decus, & fælicis gloria Regni,
Cujus ad auguſtas Laudes tota *Anglia* ſurgit.
Sic juvat accenſas renovato Lumine Tædas
Quaſſare, & noſtras Thalamis famulare Camænas.

R. Macro, Trin. Coll.

FAuſta coronatis lætare *Britannia* votis,
Nec minus à tanto fœdere Cimber ovet:
Unus Hymen populis eadem dat fata duobus;
Ambos unâ dies junxit, & una fides.
Ambitione tumens, flagranſque cupidine regni,
Fruſtra, Galle, tibi nomen amantis habes.
Ecce! peregrinæ venit ſpes unica terræ,
Et nos preſenti numinis ore beat.
Non ſolitâ natale ſolum dulcedine movit,
Detinuit patriæ nec pia cura Suæ:
Fortius invitat noſtræ Venus aurea gentis;
Scilicet in Martem jus habet una Venus.
Cede Deus votis, multoſque tuere per annos
Mentibus, & verâ relligione pares:
Et tandem noſtro ſurgat de Marte Quirinus,
Qui Partis mentem, Matris & ora ferat.

Car. Morley, Trin. Coll. Alumnus.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

DIvis orte bonis, Princeps, Cui Cimbria grates
Innumeras defenſa, & Suecia victa trophæum,
Gallus amicitiam, totuſque dat orbis honores,
Anglia Cui dudum totos addixit amores;
At quanto majora Tibi jam contulit, *Annam*
Dum Tibi deſpondet paranymphus *Carolus*, *Annam*,
Cui par Diva ſolo haud graditur ſpectanda *Britanno?*
O quàm Te memorem! thalamis cum Te aurea Virgo
Admittat roſeis, multo & perfuſa rubore,
(Non invita) ſinat juxta requieſcere noctes,
Grataque formoſæ decerpere dona juventæ.
Non agat in ſomnis dira hîc Te Martis imago;
Nec rumpant dulcem Tibi claſſica rauca quietem:
Tutior attentæ (ſuſpenſus in oſcula) Sponſæ
Narrabis gelidâ quæ prælia geſta ſub Arcto,
Suecorum & multo ſpumantes ſanguine rivos,
Et *Daniæ* quæſitam armis, Te vindice, pacem.
Pro Te tota tremit, dum ſæva peric'la recurſant,
(Quæque animus meminiſſe horret) premit arctius ulnis.
Nec Divis minùs auſpicibus Te, Nympha, jugatam
Credere fas Juveni, quo Vandala terra ſuperbit,
Quoque magis nullo ſeſe *Hafnia* jactat alumno.
Illum mille Tagique Deæ, *Rhodanique* puellæ,
Optarunt Rhenique Deæ, *Moſæque* puellæ:
Sed fruſtrà: Oblatos nam reſpuit Ille Hymenæos.
Sic pius Ænæas Regni melioris amore
Sidonias arces ægramque reliquit Eliſam,
Virginis ignotæ thalamis fatalibus ardens.
Gratamur meritò victricis munera formæ,
Anna Tibi, inverſaſque Vices ſortemque benignam.
Non patria eſt linquenda Tibi, nullum æquor arandum,
Non Te divellant alio ſub ſydere longæ

Inter-

Intervalla viæ, ignotique incommoda cœli,
A dulci aſpectu Patriæ, Patruique Patriſque,
Nec teneras ſermo lædet Tibi barbarus aures.
Anglia quæ cunas primoſque Tibi aeris hauſtus
Contulit, hæc eadem numeroſa prole parentem
Uſque colet; neque Te prælati Regia cæli
Hinc prius eripiet, ſoboles quam poſtera ſurgat,
Auguſtæque Domus (trepidè nitentis in Uno)
Augeat, inſtauretque genus; nec deſit in ævum,
Carole, qui Tua ſceptra gerat, non degener *Hæres*.

Jo. Langton, A. M. *T. C.*

Ἔρμα πάλαι κραταιὸν Δανάης, κύδιστον ἔεἰλδωρ,
Τόσσα νέῳ σὺν ἐὼν πολυπτύσας, τόσσατ' ἔρδξας,
Ἐλθεῶν ἀμφὶ κάρη κεκοπὼς χερσὶ σιβαρῆσιν,
Ὥστε δυώδη ῥαδίως αἰνὸν ζωχρῆσαι Ἄρηα.
Ταῦθ' ἡμεῖς σάφα ἴδμεν, ἃ δ' ἔξιν ὁμιλία κείνοις,
Πράττες ἐνὶ σκηναῖς ἃ πολυπλάγκτοιο Ἔρωτος,
Εὐυπέπλῳ, ἐπέεσσι μελιγλώσσοισί τε θέλγων,
Πεῖν πέον εἰς οἶκον πολυφράδμων ἄγχι Ἀφροδίτης,
Παρθένον αἰδοίῃ ἀέκοντι ἑκόντι τε θυμῷ,
Ὠλένα μὲ καλέω, καὶ πόλεας, ἠδὲ πρόπολον,
Ἣ χάρισι σίλβει, σῶλος ὃ οἱ σὺν ἔνι πάμπαν.
Οἱ ἄλλα ἐν νηυσὶ πλείοντες μυθοφόροισι
Οὕνεκα μὲν κέρδεσι κατιόντες ἀπείρονα πόντον,
Ὅσσοι ἐκ Δαμίας ἐς ἀπώτατα Περσίδος αἴης,
Οὐ λείβω τοίαν ἀνανοσήσαντες ἀπούρων,
Ἡμεῖς (ἂν μάλα πλήσιοι ὤμμι) ἀπείρονα μὲν ἔμπης
Ναυσὶν ἐν ἀλλογένοις πλήρη τὸν φόρτον ἄγεσθαι.
Ἦ μάλα μαψιδίως Λιβύᾳ ὅτι ἀιδαλέοντι

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

Τρὶς Μάκαρας τ' Ἀγαθάς τις Νήσους οὐχεῖ ἔτι,
Ἔνθα καταπρήθει δὲ Σελασφόρον Ἔγχος Ὀλύμπου
Ἄσπετος οὓς κακτεῖναι ἀνήνατο Λύσσα Ἰβήρων.
Κῦμα δὲ Ἡμέτερον Πόντος πέλει Εἰρηναῖος,
Κόσμῳ Ἡμετέρῳ τε Θεοὶ Δωτῆρες ἐάων
Εὐνομίαν, Τέρψιν, Πλοῦτον, καὶ Μῆτιν ὄπαζον,
Ἡνίκα μὴν ἐκέλοντο Δάνον τ' Ἄγγλην τε μιγῆναι.

Matthæus Scrivener, A. B.

Coll. Jes. Alumn.

DIva fave numeris; & majestate relictâ
Pulchra veni in modulos, Nympha *Britanna*, meos.
Tangunt formosas meritæ præconia formæ;
Et molli gaudet carmine mollis Amor.
Jam fera mansuetus dediscit prælia Cimber;
Exuit & positâ jam feritate ducem.
Supplex Ille animos tenero submittit Amori;
Addit & ingenuas in Tua vinc'la manus.
Tu blandos, Virgo, blandos fac sentiat ignes;
Et dulci assuescat libera colla jugo.
Tu victrix oculis proavos ulcisere victos,
Saxonidumque Danus vulnera amore luat.
Ille autem patiens animi, fœlixque laborum,
Officiisque frequens, & vigil usque Suis:
Mollia dum ardenti pertentat pectora voto,
Regia, Te sentit posse, Puella, capi.
Jamque animis agitant communia gaudia amantes;
Exercet pariter mutua cura duos.

At

At formoſus Hymen, pulcherrimus ille Deorum,
Jungit; & ulterius non ſinit eſſe duos.
O fælix in amore dies! ô meta laborum!
O rata legitimo jura verenda toro!
Pronuba quæ Juno ſervat, quæ maxima Divûm
Numina, & in primis condidit alma Venus.
Ore favete omnes: proceſſit Veſper Olympo,
Attollitque ſuas Cypria Diva faces.
Nupta venit, centum comitantibus Heroinis,
Hinc atque hinc roſeo fuſa pudore genas.
At verita aureolis tranſmittere limina plantis,
Virgo tremens thalami reſtitit ante fores.
Riſit ad hanc ſpeciem tenerorum Mater Amorum;
Atque ait: arbitrio Nupta regenda Meo.
Lenta quid ad ritus, & munia læta retractas?
Præſidet & thalamis & ſua poſcet Hymen.
Hærentem, dubiamque, bonæ deducite matres:
Fœlix materni nominis omen erit.
Ipſa lubens adero; præſenſque per omnia ducam.
Sic Dea. Nec ſolita eſt perdere verba Venus.
Ore favete omnes: proceſſit Veſper Olympo;
Et nocturna tenet regna jugalis Hymen.
Jam Dominam, jam Sponſe (licet per fœdera lecti))
Amplexu cupies uſque tenere Tuo;
Perque ſinus niveos, & lactea colla reſuſus,
Fragrantem excipies floridulo ore animam.
Tum neque, conſiliis fuerit ſi *Jupiter* autor,
Mutari regno gaudia tanta voles.
Nec patriæ, & chari fratris meminiſſe vacabit;
Et quæcunque placent cætera, tollet Amor.
Omnia ſufficiet Tibi dulcis & aurea conjux;
Non erit in votis poſcere plura Deos.

Dum

Dum tamen exercent genialia gaudia amantes,
Diva ſile: tacitæ gaudia noctis erunt.
Claude puella fores thalami, ſatis ore protervo
Ne malus inſpiciat, claude puella fores.

Tho. Power, A. B. *Trin. Col.*

DUm furiis ſtipata ſuis Bellona triumphat,
Vicinaſque domos invidioſa trahit;
Nos canimus ſylvas, noſtræque Amaryllidis ignes,
Et quàm victrices mittit, alitque faces.
Quem *Dani* coluêre ducem, quem Suevus & hoſtem
Admiratur, amans hîc cupit Ille mori.
Haud ſecus effœtis ſuſpenſis molliùs armis,
In gremio Veneris Mars reſupinus amat.
Fruſtrà Nereides ſecuiſtis ab orbe *Britannos*,
Novit amor veſtro ponere jura mari.
Undique diffuſis veluti natat inſula lymphis,
Spirat at à noſtro gratior aura ſalo.
Huc coeunt poſitis certatim numina templis,
Hæ placuere domus, hîc voluêre coli.
Huc exoſa prius, ſupplex jam *Dania* tendit,
Quodque priùs tulimus, jam ſubit illa, jugum.
Haud ſpoliis inimica tuis, Amarylli, ſuperbis,
Sed grato victis uteris imperio.
Vincula quæ nectis veneris ſunt vincula, tali
Carcere quis dignus, quis niſi *Daphnis* erat?
O Digno conjuncta viro! qui deſpicit omnes
Te velut emeriti præmia Martis habet.
Vivite fœlces, Patriæ ſpes altera noſtræ;
Sic cùm prole domus, ſit ſine labe dies.

R. Combes, A. B. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.
Jacobus

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Jacobus geminâ quam fœlix prole! *Britannis*
Conjunxit *Batavos* prima, ſecunda *Danos*.
Filiolas plures concedite, Numina, noſtræ
Sic orbis Terræ quam citò junctus erit?

R. Shelton, Trin. Coll.

Anglos lætificat multum exoptata, *Danoſque*
Hoc ſtrictos nodo Fœderis, alma dies.
Ite igitur, facilique *Jovi* date Turis acervos,
Mactatiſque feris ara repleta gemat.
Noſtræ ſalve igitur *Georgi* decus addite terræ,
Nam telluris eras Tu fere ſolus amor.
Sis fœlix, Thalamoſque beet fauſtiſſima proles,
Et læta noſtras accipe fronte preces.

Georgius Izacke, Coll. Regal.

Ad Principem GEORGIUM.

QUòd Te cœrulei Potens profundi
Salvum littoribus dedit *Britannis*;
Quòd veſtris aderat *Cupido* flammis
Æquus, propitius, favens, benignus;
Non eſt, quin meritò ſacrum canamus,
Non eſt, quin tenera immoletur agna.
Sic olim ex rapido ſalo ſuperſtes
Rugoſas nimis oſculatus undas
Herûs in gremio frequens *Leander*
Litavit *Veneri Cupidini*que.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Ceu, *Phœbo* in *Thetidos* ſinum cadente,
Videre eſt placidos Deæ rubores,
Dum puram ingenuus nivem genarum
Inſpergit roſeo pudor decore:
Sic, Tu dum teneros refers amores,
Inducto in nitidum rubore vultum,
Amores teneros negat decenter
Summi Principis invidenda Proles:
Donec colloquii Tui lepôre
Eluctare ſuperfluum pudorem,
Et devicta Tuo favore Princeps
En! Te mollibus implicat lacertis.
Et nunc, horrificis licet procellis
Inductâ rabie efferetur Orbis,
Hic Tu fige pedem, ſuas habere
Abhinc res *Daniam* ſibi jubeto:
Hîc terrâ incolumis fruare Avitâ,
Hîc verè Patrios colas Penates.

Guil. Bladon, A. B. *Coll. Trin.*

JAm vigeat gemino munita *Britannia* muro,
Jam liceat firmâ ſceptra tenere manu.
Necquicquam *Carolum*, *Carolique* evertere Regnum,
Roma paras, pejor tûve *Genova* paras.
Talia felici celebrans connubia nexu
Rex, ſibi dat clypeum, præſidiumque ſuis.
Ite metus vani, quibus olim turba laborans,
Credidit *Angliacos* poſſe carere Duce.
Ite, & in æternum noſtro diſcedite ab Agro,
Qui jam Regali Prole beatus erit.

Noſtros

Noſtros ſola animos pertentent Gaudia, lætis
Vocibus *Anglorum* littora tota ſonent.
Junxit Amor virtute pares, conſpirat utroſque
Reddere felices Gratia, Forma, Genus.
O ſi in perpetuum remanerent fœdera ſec'lum!
Longævoſque dies Fata benigna darent!

Geor. Whitton, Coll. Regal. *Alumnus.*

Eſſe quid hoc dicam, rerum in diſcrimine tanto
Quod detur thalamis lætitiæque locus?
Quod *Cimbri Britoneſque* agitent ſua gaudia, ſacrum
Cum vel adhuc tentat condita ſica latus?
Sic tamen infandum contra juvat ire peri'clum:
Sic ſua defendit filia nupta Patrem.
Spes etenim (nec vana) Ducem ſupereſſe ruinæ,
Tam latè ſparſam cum videt Ille domum.

R. Colman, Trin. Coll.

Accipe Regalem, Princeps digniſſime, Sponſam:
Tu Sponſæ thalamis dignus es, Illa Tuis.
Sanguine Tu natus, nata Illa & ſanguine Regum,
Tuque Tuæ decus es gentis, & Illa Suæ.
Multiplicûm Princeps reſpira oblite laborum,
Inque ſinu Illius dulce repone caput.
Illa Tuos habeat, Dux inclyte, ſemper amores,
Pulchra Duciſſa, habeat ſemper & Ille tuos.
Anglia nunc *Batavis*, nunc *Danis Anglia* juncta,
In mediis ſemper tuta vigebit aquis.

Sive *Genevenſis* renovet ſua prælia *Roma*,
Romana inſidias ſive *Geneva* ſuas.

A. Auſten, Coll. Regal. *Alumn.*

INvoco non Muſas, non læta in carmina *Phœbum*,
At faveant cæptis Sponſus, & *Anna* meis.
Vim date, materiam dantes, ardorque medullas
Accendat, quali pectora Veſtra calent.
Caſta hauſit Virgo promiſſi Principis ignes,
Non ante eximiâ nî pietate flagrans.
Sæpe injuſſa gemens, nova quid ſuſpiria vellent,
Miratur, vellet quid novus ille tepor.
Tam pia fumantes ſplendeſcit flamma per aras,
Tam caſto Phœnix optet in igne mori.
Nunc primum ſentit ſe poſſe caleſcere *Cimber*,
Solis non poterat quod jubar, *Anna* facit.
Nempe ſtupet nitido fulgentem lumine frontem,
Et meritò fuſcas computat eſſe nives.
Nempe ſtupet palmas ſuperantes lilia, viſa eſt
Gratáque purpureas vincere bucca roſas.
Quæ diviſa beant alias, virtutis in Illâ
Ceu centro fulgent munera juncta ſuo.
Si dotem expeteres, Princeps, ſibi maxima dos eſt,
Præberet *Carolus* ſi ſua regna minùs.

Edw. Heron, Coll. Trin.

ANglia, quam nuper rabies Fanatica torſit,
Jam *Cyprus*, ac ſedes mollis amoris erit.
Cum Duce purpureâ ſulcat vada cœrula conchâ
Ipſa *Venus*, puer & mollia tela ferens,

Haud

Haud tam victrices tremefacta per æquora turmas
Duxerunt Proavi, & noſtra per arva, Tui.
Ardet amor, medio Dux concipit æquore flammam,
Ignis & è tremulis victor abibit aquis.
Ante pedes niveas pandit victoria pennas;
Gratia das flores, tuque *Hymenæe* faces.
Parvulus Arcitenens ſolùm pro more ſagittas
Miſit, & arridens talia dicta dedit.
O tanto Socianda Viro, Dulciſſima Virgo!
Cur tingit niveas purpura caſta genas?
Anxia cur ſocii formidas gaudia lecti?
Noli tam caſtum caſta timere torum.
Principis incedas Conjux, de Principe nata;
Vim Salicæ legis vel Tua forma vetat.
Adſit *Hymen*, jungatque Tuas, Par Nobile, dextras,
Et duo regna ſimul copulet Una Dies.

Joh. Northleigh, LL. B. *Coll. Regal.*

ARma virumque canant alii, ſævóſque Tumultus,
Bellica non *Pallas*, quin mihi *Cypris* ades.
Ipſe quidem Sponſæ Regalia Fœdera dicam,
Sponſæ, quæ tanto eſt Unica digna Viro.
Ipſe canam Sponſi Regalia Fœdera, Solus
Qui potuit Sponſam commeruiſſe Suam.
Ne jactes igitur Juvenis Tua prælia, Talem
Vincendo Sponſam Gloria major erat.
Pergamus Inſignis tandem obſidione decenni,
Cauſâ *Helenæ*, *Græcis* vix ſuperata fuit.
Viciſti totidem, Juvenis Præclare, diebus;
Sponſáque adeſt thalamo Pulchrior ecce! Tuo.

F. Lockier, Trin. Coll.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

NOmina ſi quod habent omen, Te, clare *Georgi*,
Tale quid in Veſtro nomine habere puto.
Eſt nomen commune Tibi, gentiſque Patrono,
Jure ſibi ut geminam ſpondeat *Anglus* opem.
Non opus hîc ferro, teneros quo virginis artus
Præſtares tutos à dominante fera.
En! formoſa Tibi ſine ſanguine Virgo paratur:
Nec tam viciſti, quam cito victus eras.

Johan. Turner, Coll. Regal. *Alumn.*

UNde ſacro *Cami* ſonuerunt carmine turres,
Pulſaque *Pieriis* ripa canora modis?
Te celebrant, Tibi ſerta parant, pulcherrima Princeps,
Concipiunt thalamis optima vota Tuis.
Ergo Tuis oculis frigens incenditur *Arctos*,
O patriæ, ô clarum Sidus, amorque Tuæ?
En! Tibi formoſus patrio de littore Princeps
Solvit, & æratâ cœrula puppe ſecat.
Ecce venit! quali ſonuerunt littora plauſu?
Qualis in æquoreis gloria fulſit aquis?
Non minor ipſa polo quam ſi deſcenderet *Argo*,
Aurato effulgens vellere, plena deis.
Ut nitet! ut lumen micat Illi dulce juventæ!
Purpureuſque alto ſpirat ab ore decor.
Qualis ubi æquoreâ perfuſus Lucifer undâ,
Formoſum roſeo ſuſtulit axe jubar.
Nec minus ut clara veniens in luce refulſit,
Diffugiunt vaſto nubila denſa polo,
Nubila quèis longum jam circumfuſa jacebas
O Patria, ô longis *Anglia* fracta malis,

Avertêre

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Avertêre Dei, juſti ceſſêre timores,
Mollia miſcebit prælia ſolus amor.
Jam nova pacatis redierunt ſæcula terris,
Vulgus *Io*, ter *Io* voce triumphe canit.
Aurea de plenis duxerunt ſtamina ſuſis,
Fauſtáque veridicæ concinuere Deæ.

Johnſtone, Coll. Regal. *Alumn.*

QUid capis arma feras vibrans, *Cytheræa*, ſagittas,
Cum modo victi *Pallada*, nuda *Venus*?
Sic nempe armatam cogas ſuccumbere Divam,
Suſtineátne ignes pulchra Puella tuos?
Victa cadit, ſuppléxque Tuas Se volvit ad aras,
Invocat & veſtras nunc, *Hymenæe*, faces.
Nec ſolum occumbit tibi Virgo, *Cypria*; miles
Sentit enim flammas incaluiſſe ſuas.
Uritur, & cæco furibundus carpitur Igne,
Anxiáque ignotum pectora vulnus habent.
Nec dabit amiſſum Tua, Princeps, terra vigorem,
Sola Tibi requies *Anglia*, ſola ſalus.
Anna videt vulnus, gravioráque vulnera ſentit,
Alterius medicam poſtulat Aſter opem.
Georgius indè manum, Dextrámque accomodat *Annæ*,
Sic facit alternas mutua dextra vices.
En! ſacras accendit *Hymen* per compita tædas,
Saltat & ad tantas *Anglia* læta faces.
Audiit in noſtrum deſcendens *Jupiter* orbem,
Atque in feſtivos irruit ille Choros.
Non patitur *Juno* diſceſſum irata mariti,
Involat in noſtras imperioſa domos.

Par-

Par Regale videt miro *Saturnia* vultu,
Invidet & formæ, Nympha pudica, Tuæ.
Miratur *Danii* flagrantia Principis ora,
Contemnitque ſuum Regia Diva *Jovem*.
Vel ſe mortalem, vel Te, Dux magne, Tonantem
Optat, ut amplexus vendicet Illa Tuos.
Vota negas; Princeps totum Sibi poſcit amorem,
Aurea Rivales nec timet *Anna* Deas.

Guil. Nevile, Coll. Trin.

ECce iterum *Eboracam* decorant connubia ſtirpem!
Queîs non invideat *Belgica* ſola Soror.
Hæc merito thalamos felices jactitat, *Anna*
Nec minùs eſt tædâ nobilitata Suâ.
Anglia jam *Triplex* iterum fauſto omine *Fœdus*,
Jacturam antiqui quod bene penſat, init.
Non valet hoc pactâ nimiùm fallente tabellâ,
Non obteſtatis in data verba Diis:
Hoc fœdus ſpondent manſurum in ſæcula firmum,
Indubitata fides, relligióque tori.

Hen. Ballew, Coll. Regal. *Soc.* A. B.

NUmina quæ noſtras viſerunt mitia gentes,
Hâc pariunt nobis gaudia tanta vice.
Aut Deus, aut *Danus* tulit Hoc fortiſſimus Omen,
Virgineæ facilè victus amore Deæ.

Felici

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Felici auſpicio *Batavus* quod cæperat olim,
Aſſequitur *Danus* proſperitate pari.
Anglia ſic felix genero ſe jactet utroque,
Det Deus, ut ſortem diſcat amare ſuam.

Hen. Burrell, Coll. Regal. Soc.

O! Cui coruſcâ Rex ſuperûm dedit
Firmare Cœlum lampade, pronubam
Noctemque, Regaleſque flammas,
Phœbe fave nimis arroganti
Plectro canenti! Tu quoque diceris,
Cum Tethyn almam Pelëus arſerit,
Cantaſſe fœlices marinæ
Tethyos & thalamos & ignes.
Et Tu beatam Diva colens Paphon,
Quam Gens obumbrat mille Cupidinum,
Huc huc Amyclëos olores,
Huc agilem rege Diva concham!
Nec Tu moreris ô! Heliconia,
Tempe pererrans, Uraniæ genus,
Crines odoratos revincte,
Prome Tuas, Hymenæe, tædas.
Te Juno curans vinc'la jugalia,
Arcu remiſſo Te Puer aureus,
Te plectra, Te cantus morantur,
Prome Tuas, Hymenæe, tædas.
Vides Dionen ut referant ſuam
Cognata ſtratis æquora fluctibus?
Vides ut alludat quietis
Littoribus ſalis unda vaſti?

Idæa qualis Dardanium Venus
Nudata viſit pulchrior arbitrum,
Seu qualis amplexus Tonantis
Poſcit, & in gremium cruenti
Soluta Martis, devocat otia
Longamque pacem; Sydere *Caroli*
Sic fronte viſa es pulchriori,
Anna, Tuos ſuperare cætus.
At O! cubile quot Tibi gaudia
Spondes? amicos Nox Tibi candida
Cum promet ignes, & remotâ
Luce duces in amore fidi
Erunt ocelli; Tunc petulans Puer
Ridens ſiniſtro ſternuet omine,
Et Pineam multùm rogate
Concuties Hymenæe tædam.
O Par beatum! Queis nova fœdera
Firmavit Æther conſcius, & novem
Chorus ſororum, ſic putate
Veridicas cecinisſe Parcas;
Ventura lux eſt (quam properet bona
Lucina, & *Annæ* ſtantia pectora,)
Quam moto Olympo, Rex Deorum
Præcinuit, voluitque fatum;
Quâ Tu, Parentis per gremium Tuæ
Jüle ludes, & teneras manus,
Et os amænum (quod Deorum
Quiſquis es aſſimulato Matri)
Genis paternis parvule porriges,
Et dulce ridens ſemihiantibus
Libabis oſculum labellis,
(Proh decus, auguriumque vultus!)

Tu

Tu provocabis *Carolum* avunculum,
Patremque factis, *Britones* & truces
Dani ſtupeſcent, ſic *Apollo*,
Sic triplices cecinere Parcæ.

B. Portlock, Trin. Coll.

Principis Georgii, & *D.* Annæ *de mutuis amoribus colloquium.*

G. DOnec, nec ſine gloriâ,
Movi pro Patriis prælia finibus,
Iracundus & improbus
Riſi cum Puero Te, Venus aurea.
A. Donec, per nemora avia,
Nec curans quid Hymen, nec quid Amor, vagæ
Errabam æmula Deliæ
Veſtali vigui virgine purior.
G. Me nunc tota regit Venus:
Pugnacemque jugo ſubdit aheneo,
Me nunc non equus impiger
Clarabit pugilem pulvere bellico.
A. Me torret ſimili face
Inſultans Puer, & heu! mea Delia
Necquicquam mihi profuit,
Pendenteſve humeris vos calami leves.
G. At cum per niveos ſinus
Profuſus recubans eripior mihi, &
Spirant omnia balſama,
Regali vigeo Fratre beatior.

A. Et Tu (quo potior Tuæ
Annæ nullus erit) cum thalamos Meos
Aſcendis, videor Mihi
Belgarum domina jure beatior.
Fœlices ter & amplius!
Quos ſic junxit Amor mutuus, O! dies
Tales ſæpe recurrite,
Nec Nox deſtituat vos melior die!

Idem.

AUriacos longe jactavit Belga Triumphos,
Et facta Angliacis ditior Haga Toris.
Læta Ducem minus haud jactaverat *Anglia*, & Illi
Crediderat Mundum non habuiſſe Parem.
Concilia en! iterum cæli ſecreta, Suorum
Quàm juſtum Thalamis impoſuere modum!
Non communis Amor jungit Duo Numina, at æquè
Dividit Imperium Marſque Venuſque ſuum.
Georgius ingenti merito, votiſque ſuorum
Lætior Amplexus poſſidet, *Anna*, Tuos.
Sperare hoc placuit Populo, Gens tota favebat
Ultima tam faciles vota habuere Deos.
Nullus erat quem non tam grata modeſtia movit,
Quâ ſemper molles tinxerat *Annæ* Genas;
Et licet inſanos ageret Gens ægra furores,
Dilexit Patriam Turba prophana Deam:
Quid, ſi Te longo Princeps ambiret Amore?
Præmia tam longo tempore digna tulit.
Dux licèt Auriacus ſpoliis indutus opimis
Immenſas ſecum per freta vexit opes:

Tu.

Tu tamen *Angliacos*, Princeps, ne linque Penates,
Te foveat, Patrios & Tua Sponſa ſinus.
Lugebunt erepta ſibi ſolatia Muſæ,
Lugebit Nympham Grantaque mæſta ſuam.
Teque laboranti, Princeps, ſuccurrere Genti
Promittet nobis non rediturus honos.
Plaudite jam *Britones*; longus quos expulit Enſis
Æternùm ſerus conciliavit Amor.

Joh. Sudbury, LL. B.

Aul. Trin. Soc.

Carmen Vagum.

ADeſte quotquot Theſſalicis jugis
Olim triumphos ſceptraque Cypridis,
Et mutuos ſacris amantûm
Carminibus ceciniſtis æſtus.
Hîc tumidis datur indulgere furoribus,
Debacchari datur, aptataque plectro
Carmina Pindarico depromere,
Moduloſque omni lege ſolutos.
Ah! nimium litui ſtrepitus clangorque tubarum
Vobis perplacuit, crudelia linquite caſtra,
Atque huc deproperate ſimul, quâ mollis amorum
Gens bella nullis fœda cruoribus
Exercet, acris quâque Cupidinis
Mucrone grato vulnerantur
Sed ſine cæde corda.

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

Iô Triumphe!
En quo Cythere mollis ôloribus
Evecta junctis nubila dimidit!
Ut nuptiales *Annæ* Ducisque
Teutonici celebrare tædas
Festinat! En quo propter amabilem
Matrem protervis cinctus amoribus
Sedet Cupido, dum volantem
Flectis ovans, Hymenæe, currum!

Interim lætus cecinit Cupido,
(Audiò ni fallor teretis modulamina linguæ,
Et roseo stillantia carmina ab ore)
Durus, ô Princeps, quoties sagittis
Vulnera incassùm repetita feci,
Ocyùs siccis senibus recentes
Suscitem flammas, Niobesque fibris
Saxeis priscos revocem calores;
Ceperat sic Te gladii minacis
Igneus horror.

Ister humanâ sanie redundans
Abripit somnos oculis, ferocem
Turcicæ clades animum fatigant,
Indies auctæque acuunt cruenta
Cornua Lunæ.

Nil mea proficiunt ardenti pectore tela,
Restinguit nostras Martia flamma faces.
At postquam *Angliacæ* conspexit Virginis ora,
(Debeo namque Tibi nostros soli, *Anna*, triumphos)
Arma cadunt ultro manibus, penitusque resedit
Bellandi rabies, inque *Annam* totus aberrat.

Devictus

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

Devictus facie virginis Omphales,
Sic quondam ex humeris claviger *Hercules*
Immanis posuit tergora belluæ,
Fragrantique rigari
Passus horrificas oleo comas.
Dum puer Idalius numeris comitantia mulcet
Numina, diva toros adventat pompa jugales.
Extemplò sponsam aggreditur Hymen,
Et tandem dictis his jura pudoris
Solvere adhuc timidam suadet, cogitque volentem.
Salve *Britannis* edita regibus,
Salve *Jacobi* Principis inclyta
Propago, multis Ipsa fælix
Principibus Genetrix futura.
Ne nostras, pudibunda Nurus, contemne catenas,
Nec subeat nimius virginitatis amor.
En! augusta cohors Divarum, quæ tamen omnes
Aptavere meo lævia colla jugo.
En! nihil est nostris immune sagittis:
Alites ipsæ socium aucupantur
Alitem, amplexus avidè maritos
Appetunt quercus hederæ salaces,
Conjugis charæ premiturque molli
Populus ulnâ.
Ardent in mediis lascivæ Dorides undis,
Nec possunt flammas toto restinguere Ponto.
Dixit; & ad lectum genialem ducit amantes
Hymen, & æternos Utrique inspirat mores.

Ste. Cressar, A. B. *Trin. Coll.*

Albion

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

ALbion exulta læto jam tota tumultu,
Audiat ut plausus, *Hafnia* amica, tuos:
Sume triumphales, Princeps fortissime, Lauros,
Perque caput sacrum plurima Myrtus eat.
Parta Tibi est potior cunctis Victoria palmis,
Quas Tibi fert Sueco sanguine pinguis ager.
Angliaca spes una, & flos, & gratia gentis,
Ducitur in *Danos* Nobilis *Anna* toros.
Post belli casusque, catenatosque labores,
Nunc quam fausta scies præsia miscet amor.

Joannes Meres, Aul. Cath. *Commensal.*

HUc olim *Danus* dum tendit classe, *Britannis*
Ingentes luctus ex *Aquilone* tulit.
Ast optata fuit classis nuperrima, tantum
Quæ tulit *Angligenis* ex *Aquilone* bonum.
Bellica *Mars* quondam direxit vela *Canuti*;
Sed nuper *Danici* Princips *alma Venus*.
Non venit ut vincat, major Sibi gloria Vinci est,
Dummodo captivum Se tenet *Anna* suum.
Quæ si vixisset Victoris tempore Prisci;
Non Ille hoc regnum, vicerat, Illa Ducem.
Ast Tibi servârunt *Dii* sponsam hanc, Inclyte *Princeps*!
Dii simul *Angligenis*, munificique *Danis*.

Guil. Higdon, Coll. Regal.

In

In Nuptias P. Georgii & D. Annæ.

CIrcumvolantum blanda *Cupidinum*
Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
Dum ſævientis flagra dextræ
Chaoniæ metuant Columbæ:

Seu, ne jugales heu! nimium pigros
Damnent Amantes, ocyùs ocyus
Impelle currum fortiori
Remigio volitans olorum.

Junctum Marinæ *Pelea* Conjugi,
Senique junctam *Cyprida Troïco*,
Delira ne jactet vetuſtas,
Connubio ſuperata noſtro:

Illuſtriori ſtemmate Regiam
Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens;
Virtute & *Æneam* Nepotes,
Viribus & ſuperent *Achillem*.

Quin bellicoſæ Gloria *Cimbriæ*,
Nunc invidendæ ſpes, decus *Angliæ*,
Ira, horror, & vultus minaces
In Dominæ tumulentur ulnis.

Ceſſate lites; ſpicula, machinæ
Dormite lethi: libret & unicus,
Præbent Puellæ quas ocelli,
Armiger innocuus ſagittas.

Quam dulcè vultu Virgineo rubet
Pandora? (quantum, dum rubet, allicit?)
Tacetque, ſed narrant viciſſim
Lumina luminibus calores.

Liquisset *Evan Gnosida*, floridam
Tu, *Phœbe*, *Daphnen* hanc peteres magis:
Nec non *Tonantis* pluma mendax,
Cornua seu tegerent amores.

Lacæna nunquam damna modestiæ
Tulisset, *Ida* si Puer huc vagus
Errâsset, ardentes videret
Funere tergemino Penates,

Flammasque viles crederet *Ilii*.
Mercede tali quis stadium piger
Fatale vitet? quis timeret
Œnomaï fremitum sequentis?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultrò: fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuêre tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites arctiori, &
Basiolis superate Conchas.

Cùm dextra Cœli prodiga *Carolum*
Ornârit omni dote, *Britannia*
Oblita & hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem, aut secundum?

Te, spes ruentis fausticr Imperî,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroas illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves:
Patris decorem mas verendum
Matris & os referant Puellæ.

Georgius Stepney, Coll. Trin.

GEntibus *Angliacis*, Princeps fortissime, tandem
Adsis, cura Deum, Deliciæque Virûm;
Vidimus in teneris annis Te sanguine tinctum,
Parvulus ætate, at nomine magnus eras;
Vicisti vultu *basilisci more* cohortes,
Et cecidere oculis victima turba Tuis.
Suecia Te vidit, sensitque misserrima dextram,
Vixque Tuo audito Nomine, terga dedit.
Hæc Tua Te magnum faciunt, quàm magna supersunt
De Genere & Proavis commemoranda Tuis.
Clara sed illustres Tu solus nomina Patrûm,
Sat laudis *Sueci* Te meruisse sciunt.
Post totidem Palmas, tandem cecidisse, triumphes:
Princeps jam thalamis dignior *Anna* Tuis.

Post Nuptias.

Quam bene conveniunt duo corpore, mentibus unus,
Obsequio, votis, unus amore, fide.

F. Gipps, LL. B. *Coll. Conv. & Caii* Soc.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

In Nuptias P. Georgii & Annæ.

Lucifer ante alios *Veneri* dilectior ignes
Optatum advexit (Gaudia noſtra) diem.
Georgius en! niveis iterum juveneſcit in ulnis,
Qui fuit in Bello factus honore Senex.
Huic ſoli Conjux teneros exſpirat Amores
Anna, petita Procis mille negata Procis.
O fœlix vitæ mutatio! gratus uterque
Jam fruitur vitâ, quâ prius uſus erat.

Johannes Phillips, Trin. Coll.

UTraque juncta ſoror fœlici eſt numine, nubit
Una Tibi, *Auriaco* nubit & una Duci;
Dividit hæc lætæ ſic dum connubia terræ,
Non Patriæ *Carolus*, ſed Pater orbis erit.

Verus Philipps, Coll. Regal. *Soc.*

HUnc Annum illuſtrat duplicis conjunctio Fati,
Speſque hinc ingenteis, concitat inde metus.
Cœleſtes nunc, ecce! Domus ſua Sydera jungunt;
Sydera & ipſa videt Terra coire ſua.
Jupiter & *Saturne* ſimul concurritis illic;
Atque *Georgius* hîc jungitur, *Anna*, Tibi.
Contigit hoc, *Maius* teneras dum protulit herbas;
Et *Juli* fuit hoc nobile menſis opus.

Utrumque

Utrumque eſt magnum, (nec enim ſic Sydera fruſtra
Conveniunt) habet & pondus utrumque ſuum.
Illius eventus dubios ſuſpenſa perhorret
Terra omnis; Populi huic plaudimus, ecce! duo.
Scilicet hæc aſtra in Terræ junxiſſe labores,
Hæc verò in noſtram fata videntur opem.
I nunc Aſtrologe, & quævis horrenda minare,
In bene conjunctos non timor iſte cadit.
Jamque tremunt alii gaudet dum *Danus* & *Anglus*:
Auſpiciis gens eſt utraque tuta ſuis.

Joh. Harvey, Aul. Clar. *Commenſal.*

UT dubia attonitam perfundunt gaudia mentem!
Hinc Divi rapitis Fratres, patriæque labanti
Carole Numinibus rurſum ſervate ſecundis,
Hinc thalami, Pulchra *Anna*, Tui molleſque triumphi.
O cœlo dilecta Domus, præſentia ſemper
Numina, & in mediis Divos experta peric'lis
Conſurgis, fulgeſque novis ſecura triumphis!
En! procul *Arctoo* veniens à littore Princeps
Cimber adeſt, non Ille feris horrendus in armis,
Nec quales domiti quondam timuere *Britanni*,
Victus adeſt, parſque Ipſe Tui, Formoſa, triumphi.
Quem duri tremuere *Getæ*, ſparſóque decorum
Sanguine turbatæ longè fugere catervæ,
Succumbit Victor, poſitíſque adſternitur armis,
Fulgentéſque oculos, & lumen dulce juventæ
Miratur, pendent defixi in Virgine vultus,
Qualis ab æquoreo ſurgens *Venus* aurea fluctu.

Mollia purpureâ ſulcavit cœrula conchâ.
Vincis *Io*! pone ô dulcis ſuſpiria Princeps,
Pone, Tua eſt, molli calcerunt pectora flammâ;
Non tùm cum dubiæ fera per diſcrimina pugnæ
Et medias raperet Pietas Fraterna catervas
Nobilius victo portâſti ex Hoſte trophæum:
Ulterius nil Fata queunt; Tibi Regia Virgo
Nubit, & acclinis gremio fragrantia paſcit
Lumina, & æternos alpirat vultibus ignes.
Cerno libens, jam cerno novos fulgere triumphos,
Jamque datus Fato pendet circum oſcula natus
Et matri arridet, blandiſque alludit in ulnis;
Ipſa uteri jam Nympha ſui miratur honores
Læta Deûm partu, qualis *Berecynthia* Mater
Sidereos inter curru ſubvecta Nepotes.
Fortunati Ambo! Vobis fera bella quierunt,
Suſpenditque etiam Diſcordia ſæva furorem,
Regnat Amor, ſacriſque vacant latè omnia tædis.

Guil. Bowles, Coll. Regal. Soc.

QUæ fama arrectas permulcet nobilis aures?
Et mihi ſollicito ſpem quoque læta dedit?
Anne triumphalem de victis hoſtibus arcum
Præparat, anne tubæ clangor ad arma vocat?
Non; ſonus eſt pacis, ſtrepitus ſunt mollis amoris;
Mars ipſe armatus pace & amore venit.
Námque iterùm jam *Danus* adeſt, non *Danus* ut olim,
Hoſtilis victor, victor amicus adeſt:
Nam nè ſuſpectum jam ſe Sua gloria reddat;
Palmâ, quâ vincit, vincitur Ipſe Suâ.

Salve

Salve igitur Princeps, hoſpes gratiſſime cunctis,
Magnorum ſoboles Regum, genitureque Reges;
Aſſuetos nuper galeâ fulgere capillos
Si Tibi Muſa cupit molli jam nectere ſerto,
Nè donum *Tu* vile putes; nam floribus ornat,
Quos neque frigoribus *Boreas*, nec *Syrtis* uret
Æſtibus, innato ſemper ſed honore virentes
Fons *Aganippæ Permeſſides* educat undâ.
Non alium certè *Danorum* clarius arces
Suſcepere Ducem; generum non *Carolus*; unquam
Nec Regina virum; nullos capit *Anglia* famâ
Indigenas meliore ſuos; potioribus Almæ
Laudibus *Heroas* nunquam cecinere *Camœnæ*.
At nil tota valet meritis dare *Dania* tantis;
Addere nil poſſunt Muſæ; nihil *Anglia* poſſit;
Nil *Carolus*, neptem ſi non daret; *Anna*, ſeipſam
Ni daret, *Ipſa* nihil: ſed in hâc quæ præmia? quale
Munus? *Pelians* juvenis ſi tale fuiſſet
Nactus, quàm facilè mundus ſuffecerat unus;
Non fleſſet plures, niſi Te non vincere poſſe
Se fleſſet; ſævi cecidiſſent fulmina belli,
Ceſſaſſent litui; pax, Te ridente, ſalúſque
Riſiſſent; victúmque Tibi ſubjecerat orbem;
Innumeriſque frui mundis in Te, *Anna*, putaſſet.
Accipe Tu talem Princeps; Tua tela repone,
Non Tibi jam venator equus, non ſpicula curæ;
Non jaculum torquere licet; Mens omnis aberret
In vultus, quos fixit amor; Tibi dulcius eſſet
Hoc, validos dextrâ decies quàm vincere *Suevos*;
Inque animis noſtrûm pompâ meliore triumphes;
Cuncta tenes poſſint quæ vinci in Munere Nuptæ.

Tho. Lawrence, A. M. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.

Ergo

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

ERgo ades *Angliacis* ô dudum debite fatis?
Infidi poteras tædia ferre maris?
Quin etiam infidæ poteras Te credere terræ
Quæ neſcit *Carolo* parcere ſæva ſuo?
Scilicet urget Amor. Quis non parebit Amori,
Accendit blandas *Anna* ubi pulchra faces?
Fallor? an & ſimilem ſentis, Formoſa, ſagittam?
O Diva! O *Carolos* ſæpe datura novos!
Ah! cur languidulis dubius pudor ardet ocellis?
Illéque ſupremus virginitatis Amor?
Ah! cur turgidulæ cur ſic micuere papillæ?
Sæpius & motu ſubſiluere levi?
Qualis ubi ſpirans *Zephyrus* vix commovet alas,
Sollicitat ſummum lenis & aura mare,
Æquora tranquillis tum fluctibus attolluntur,
Atque ferunt tacitis oſcula littoribus.
Sentit, *Io!* ſentit, faveat gens mollis amorum,
Blanda ſave auſpiciis ô *Cytherea* Tuis!
Te licet egregiâ vincat Pulcherrima formâ
Illa, licet *Martem* viribus Ille Tuum.

Ben. Slater, Coll. Regal. *Soc.* A. B.

PUlchra olim victos ulciſcitur *Anna Britannos*,
*Cimbrorum*que dedit mollia jura Duci.
Cernis ut exuſtus miſer, ah miſer! igne medullas
Miratur gliſcens quid ferat ille calor.
Dum modo qui furtim ſe blandulus inſinuavit,
Indomitus fracto pectore luxuriat:

Eheu

Eheu quonam abiit bello tam vivida virtus?
Eheu torpeſcit cur metuenda manus?
Nempe ardes poſitis, ardes jam mollius, armis,
Laſcivuſque gravi caſſide Ludit Amor.
At Tibi ne nimio ſit ſic arſiſſe pudori,
Neu doleat molli ſuccubuiſſe jugo.
Surſum Ille ô! ſurſum generoſus nititur ardor,
Pectora & aſpirans Nobiliora domat.
Naturæ paret Plebs cæcè, neſcia flammæ
Ætheriæ, victi qua caluere Dei.
At nunquam tali caluerunt Virgine, nunquam
Aurea tam dignè ſpicula fixit Amor.

F. Adams, A. B. *Coll. Regal.* Soc.

SIC *Venus* Armiſonum *Ceſto* traxiſſe *Gradivum*
Dicitur in *Gnidon*, inve *Paphon*, Divumque tenaci
Allectum curâ molli poſuiſſe cubili:
Ille Deæ obſequitur votis, & dulce triumphat
Ferre miniſterium, poſitis inglorius armis.
Sic quoque *Iärdaniæ* correptus amore Puellæ
Alcides poſuit clavam, ſpoliumque Leonis,
Penſaque calloſâ ducebat mollia dextrâ.
Tu *Marti* ſimilis, Tu *Alcidæ*, Magne GEORGI,
Hoſtiles turbare globos, & ſternere ferro,
Quin & amore perinde vales, Cui Nobilis ANNA
Accendit molles forti ſub pectore flammas,
Invictúmque labore Virum Sua ſub juga mittit.
Dumque iter à gelidâ, Princeps, huc dirigis Arcto,
Hæc fuit & *Veneris* fax, & *Cynoſura* natanti.

H. Gore, A. B. *Aul. Cath.*

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

GEôrgius *Angligenis* venit optatiſſimus hoſpes,
Pulchra per æquoreas quem vocat *Anna* vias.
Geôrgius Angligenis ô dulce & amabile nomen!
Seu *Mars* urget opus nobile, ſive *Venus*.
Reſtituit *Carolo* diademata *Geôrgius* olim,
Cum Regem expulerant impia turba ſuum.
Confirmet *Carolo* ſceptrum nunc *Geôrgius* alter,
Æternum præſtans, quod dedit Ille ſemel.

Tho. Nixon, Trin. Coll. *Soc.*

CYrrhæa, Nymphæ, quæ colitis juga,
Et perſonantes carmina vertices,
Huc advolantes auſpicatum
In Thalamos canite *Hymenæum*.
Dum per Penates, tectaque Regia
Clamatur *Hymen*, *Hymen* ovantia
Et regna reſpondent, ſonuſque
Syderum ad laqueare cœli
Allatus, imperemiot arbitros
In noſtra Divos gaudia provocat;
Qui (ſi Poetæ quid valemus)
Connubiis aderunt paratis.
Tranſvecta nubes inter & avia
Convexa cœli magna *Jovis* ſoror
Ad fræna ſtellatos jugales
Excitet, & thalamos inire
Dignetur altos cum face pronubâ;
*Hymen*que tædas lumine ſplendidas,
Fumoque nullo nebuloſas
Præferat ad geniale ſtratum.
Illic laboris præmia conjugem
Regalis hoſpes poſcat, & oſcula
Per fluctuoſum æquor petita
Raptet acer, vehemenſque ſponſus.

Æterni

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Æterni Amoris vincula Principes
Manſura nectant, vincula, quæ dies
Et longa non diſſolvat ætas,
Quæque diu videant nepotes.
Sic *Anna* dulci prole puerpera
Matura ſponſo gaudia præbeat,
Fœcunda Regum, qui *Jacobi*
Sint decus & columen ſenectæ. *Tho. Sagg, Coll. Sid.*

ITe & purpureas novate vittas,
Et fores hederâ recentiori,
Jovis progenies novem ſorores,
Lux hæc ſole nitet ſereniori,
Vel beatior omnibus beatis,
Ite, & purpureas novate vittas.
Stent altaria, victimæque centum
Tibi, quem tremuli invocant Parentes,
Tibi, cui placidos puellæ adultæ
Zonulâ ſolüunt ſinus, & aure
Imbibunt cupidâ novos maritos,
O *Hymen*, *Hymenæe*, quem Deorum
Te colent homines magis? Satelles
Te *Favonius* aureæ *Dianæ*,
Comes advolat, inſidens *Cupido*
Pennis blande Turis, patitque cuncta,
Myſticâ populos ligans catenâ,
Brevi ſi pereas Amor peribit,
Diu ſi maneas diu manebit,
Auſim dicere, quicquid eſt Amorum.
Tu præſens aderas toro jugali,
Cum Dux purpureum caput reclinans
Per ſponſæ gremium, Mea, dixit, *Anna*,
Ni pergo ſimili calere flammâ,
Et unquam mea vita Te relinquo,
Tunc tunc dicere Me potes prophanum,
Tunc vincam Lybicos rigore Tygres.
Tu primam juveni facem admovebas,

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Seni Tu tremulo futura flamma,
Canæ gloria nobilis ſenectæ.
Et præſagia ſi valent amantûm,
O longum maneant precor per ævum,
Intacti maneant (Par ô! beatum)
Nec vox invidiæ proterva clamet,
Illic frigiduli jacent Amores.
Sed concordibus Ille, & Illa votis
Fœlices numerent dies, & unâ
Pignorum excipiant leves ſuſurros,
Primo murmure dulce vagientûm,
Fortunata domus, domus Beata. *Ben. Portlock*, Trin. Coll.

Ad Excellentiſſimum Principem GEORGIUM

ἀπολόγημα παρρησιαστικόν.

ACcipe jam, quòd *Granta* Tuo ſacravit honori,
Accipe (ſed facilis) connubiale melos;
Sive nimis longo celebrat Tua gaudia plauſu,
Sive modum ignorat carminis *Alma Parens*,
Tu tamen, & veniam concedes, *Optime Princeps*,
Et cauſam, faciat cur ita ſæpe, dabis.

Ad Illuſtriſſimam Heroinam ac Dominam Annam *Invictiſſimi Principis* Jacobi Eboracenſis *Filiam alteram.*

SIc ſua, quâ potuit, teſtata eſt gaudia voce
Granta canens thalamos, *Nympha Britanna*, Tuos.
Jamque ad *vota* venit (quid enim niſi vota ſuperſunt?)
Quæ rata munificus juſſerit eſſe Deus!
Qualem Uxor populo dedit olim *Dana Britanno*
Progeniem, & *Carolum* nobilis *Anna* dedit;
Talem etiam *Danis* cupidis æquè atque *Britannis*
Progeniem rurſus, *Nobilis Anna*, dabis.

Johan. Copleſton, S. T. P. Academiæ
Procan. & *Coll. Regal.* Præpoſitus.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

On the Marriage of GEORGE Prince of *Denmark* and the Lady ANNE.

'Twas Love conducted thro' the Britiſh Main,
On a more High Deſign the Royal Dane,
Than when of old with an Invading hand
His fierce Foreſathers came to ſpoil the Land.
And Love has gain'd Him by a Nobler way
A Braver Conqueſt, and a Richer Prey.
For Battels won, and Countreys ſav'd, Renown'd,
Shaded with Laurels and with Honours Crown'd,
From Fields with Slaughter ſtrew'd the Hero came,
His Arms neglected to purſue His Flame.
Like Mars *returning from the Noble Chaſe*
Of flying Nations thro' the Plains of Thrace,
When deckt with Trophyes and adorn'd with Spoiles
He meets the Goddeſs that rewards His Toyles!
But oh! what tranſports did His Heart invade,
When firſt He ſaw the Lovely, Royal Maid!
Fame, that ſo high did Her Perfections raiſe,
Seem'd now Detraction and no longer Praiſe!
All that could Nobleſt Minds to Love engage,
Or into Softneſs melt the Souldiers Rage,
All that could ſpread abroad reſiſtleſs fire,
And eager wiſhes raiſe, and fierce Deſire,
All that was charming, all that was above
Even Poets fancies tho' refin'd by Love,
All Native Beauty dreſt by every Grace
Of ſweeteſt Youth ſat ſhining in Her Face!
Where, where is now the Generous Fury gone
That thro' thick Troops urg'd the wing'd Warriour on?
Where now the Spirit that aw'd the liſted Field?
Created to command, untaught to yield?

It yields, it yields to Anna's *gentle sway,*
And thinks it above Triumphs to obey.
See at Thy Feet, Illustrious Princess, thrown
All the Rich spoyles the Mighty Have won!
His Fame, His Laurels are Thy Beauties due,
And all His Conquests are outdone by You!
Ah! Lovely Nymph, accept the Noble Prize,
A Tribute fit for those Victorious Eyes!
Ah! Generous Maid pass not relentless by,
Nor let War's Chief by cruel Beauty die!
Tho' unexperienc'd Youth fond scruples move,
And Blushes rise but at the name of Love,
Tho' over all Thy thoughts and every sense,
The Guard is plac'd of Virgin Innocence;
Yet from Thy Fathers Generous Blood we know,
Respect for Valour in Thy Breast do's glow.
'Tis but agreeing to Thy Royal Birth,
To smile on Virtue and Heroick Worth.
Love in such Noble Seeds of Honour sown,
The chastest Virgin need not blush to own.
Whom would Thy Royal Father sooner find,
In Thy lov'd Arms to His high Lineage join'd,
Than Him, whom such exalted Virtues Crown,
That He might think 'em copy'd from His own?
Whom to the Field Equal desires did bring,
Love to His Brother, service to His King.
Who Denmark's *Crown, and the Anointed Head*
Rescu'd at once, and back in Triumph led,
Forcing His Passage thro' the slaughter'd Swede.
Such Virtue Him to Thy great Sire commends
The best of Princes, Subjects, Brothers, Friends!
The Peoples wonder, and the Courts delight,
Lovely in Peace as dreadful in the Fight!
What can such Charms resist? The Royal Maid,
Loth to Deny, is yet to Grant afraid;
But Love still growing as Her Fears decay,
Consents at last and gives Her Heart away.

Now

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

Now with loud Triumphs are the Nuptials crown'd,
And with glad Shouts the Streets and Palace sound!
Illustrious Pair! see what a general Joy
Do's the whole Lands united Voice employ!
From You they Omens take of happier Years,
Recall lost Hopes, and banish all their Fears.
Let boding Planets threaten from above,
And sullen Saturn *joyn with angry* Jove;
Your more auspicious Flames that here unite,
Vanquish the Malice of Their mingled Light!
Heaven of its Bounties now shall lavish grow,
And in full Tides unenvy'd Blessings flow!
The shaken Throne more surely fixt shall stand,
And curs'd Rebellion fly the happy Land!
At Your blest Union Civil Discords cease,
Confusion turns to Order, Rage to Peace!
So when at first in Chaos *and old Night*
Hot things with Cold, and Moist with Dry did fight,
Love did the Warring seeds to Union bring,
And over all things stretcht His Peacefull wing,
The jarring Elements no longer strove,
And a World started forth the Beauteous Work of Love!

R. Duke, *Fellow of* Trin. Coll.

Epithalamium Ὄρθριον.

ONce more, Ye Heavenly-sweet, Immortal Nine
In tunefull numbers joyn.
String Your Harmonious Lyres once more,
And what Ye for the Elder Nymph have done before,
Now for the Younger doe,
The Elder, and the Younger Nymph, are worthy Both of You.
Repeat Your Prayers, Renew Your Vows again,
Such Prayers, such Vows shall not be still in vain;

Sollicite all the Powers above,
The Powers eſpecially of Love,
The ſmiling Genial Powers, that They
Would bleſs, and doubly bleſs this Happy day.

Go One of You, and gently touch the hand,
Of the ſweet ſlumbring Royal Maid;
Tell Her, the glorious Morning Star,
Fair Venus's Fairer Meſſenger,
Hath been already here,
And from the lamp of Love, to all our Worlds deſire,
Hath ſet the Hymenæan Torch on fire,
And chides and wonders at Her ſtay,
And bids Her haſt away,
Nor longer cruelly defer
To crown the Publick Joy, the Publick Prayer.
Joy never more ſincere
Nor ever more unfeigned Prayer,
And can ſuch Joy, ſuch Prayer, deſerve, or brook delay?

Then ſpare, Bright Nymph, then ſpare,
Thy tender Virgin fear,
And quick and glorious as the light appear;
For though the Foe be nigh, yet is no danger near.
Dread not the Princely Dane,
With all His ſprightly Youthfull Train,
Though turn'd Invaders once again.
For with intent more humane now
They come to Conquer, and be Conquer'd too.
More Noble grown, more Wiſe,
They now purſue Their Fathers Victories,
With ſweeter Methods, gentler Arts;
With Generous Loves all Conquering Arms,
With Youth and Beauties Powerfull charms;
As They who by experience know,
That whoſo Britons would ſubdue,
Muſt firſt ſubdue Their Hearts.

Then

Then fear not, though He scarcely turns to Thee more,
'Tis but the pleasing Kindness of Love,
Think what mighty weight, what stress,
The Gods are pleas'd to lay
On Thee, and this Important day,
No less, believe it Heavenly Maid, no less,
Than Three great Nations happiness,
Than This our separate World's eternal Peace.
Ye Gods, 'twas boldly, and adventurously done,
To trust this day alone,
To hazard all on One,
And who but She for such a hazard could attone?
But thus You often let
The affairs of humane state
Sink, till they grow even desperate.
Whilst You securely sit, and please
Your Respited Divinities,
And smile above, to see
The shallow reach of humane Policie:
To see the little Ants below,
How busie up and down they go;
How gravely, and how cautiously they run
Into the dangers, they would shun;
What Poysons They for Antidotes prepare,
To cure the Nation in despair,
When They Themselves, the very sickness of it are.
Then You, to manifest Your Power,
When feeble humane measures fail,
And neither Art nor strength prevail,
Stretch out Your healing hand,
Over the perishing Land,
And save the labouring wretches, in the gasping hour.
Thus did the Gods permit, and thus differ,
That Thou, Fair Excellence, shouldst be
Their Instrument at last, and our Deliverer:

And,

And, by the bleſt event, we ſoon ſhall ſee,
'Twas worth the venturing to be lov'd ſo throughly lov'd by Thee.

Who does not ſee, already ſee,
By the quick ſight of Prophecie,
The Lovely Infant ſmile
And repreſent the Joy of all our Iſle?
The little Hercules *that ſhall*
Even Monſters in His Cradle quell;
Shall cruſh Ambitious Towring head,
And ſtrike the groveling Faction dead.
Monſters as dangerous, as ever Africk *bred,*
Or Fortune our Curſt ſtepmother could e're provide.
Who does not ſee, the Regal Power,
Fixed, ſteady, and ſecure,
Never to be ſhaken more?
The Royal Name, the Purple Line,
In all its Primitive Glory ſhine?
Nor was it poſſible, Ye Powers, that Race ſhould e're decline;
No, that Illuſtrious Race, that heretofore,
A Hundred Heroes, Demy-gods! have bore,
Shall give a Hundred, and a Thouſand more;
And all the thanks for this, Bright Princeſs, ſhall be Thine.

Then Onwards to the Temple move,
But faſter, faſter go,
This Virgin pace is much too ſlow,
And ill agreeing with the haſt of Love.
The Godlike Cæſar bids appear,
Thy Royal Father calls Thee here,
Thy Country too, which claimes a ſhare,
(Of which Thou art the Love and Care)
Thy coming waits: The Holy Prieſt
Stays, to bleſs, and to be bleſt.

The

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

The Prince call'd firſt, and calls Thee laſt,
With an Impatient Bridegroomes furious haſt;
All wake, to tell to All, the lucky Ceremony paſt.

Pay, Ye ſweet Muſes, pay Ye now,
What Thanks are to the Bridegroom due:
Much to the Generous Youth indeed ye owe:
Who for the Glory of Your Iſle,
Could quit His Native ſoile;
Could from His Heart effate,
The memory of His Royal Race;
Could ſhut His Eyes, and ſtop His Ears,
To all the Danish Virgins Prayers,
Their wringing hands, and melting tears,
And ſtruggling Nature ſtrongeſt ryes under.
He comes not now, as Princes heretofore,
Who ravag'd all our Country round,
And what They good and pleaſing found,
Our Royal Beauties and our Treaſures ſtore,
To Forreign, unreturning Coumreys bore;
And for a day of Country joy or two,
Left us a Solid loſs, a Laſting woe.
And yet we thank'd, and yet we bleſt,
Thoſe Civil Raviſhers at beſt,
Who in our ſpoils Triumphantly were dreſt.

Generous Prince, for this we bow,
And pay Thee adoration low.
That Thou ſuch Honour, to our Iſle haſt done,
Such Love to ours, and to Thy Princeſs ſhown,
To think no Nation Worthy of Her, but Her own.
Our Iſle can only thanks repay,
The Muſes bleſs, and for Thee pray,
To all the Powers above.

Eut

Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis.

But wert Thou more than Mortal man,
The Lovely Princess fully can,
Reward, with Hers, Thy Love.

W. Fleetwood, M. A. *and Fellow of* Kings College.

WHilst black Designs, (that direfull work of Fate)
Distract the Labouring State.
Whilst (like the sea) around loud Discords roar,
Breaking their Fury on the frighted shore.
And England *do's like brave* Vienna *stand,*
Besieg'd by Infidels an either hand.
What means this Peacefull train! this Pompous sight?
What means This Royal, Beauteous Pair?
This Troop of Youths, and Virgins Heavenly fair,
That do's at once astonish, and Delight?
Great CHARLES, *and His Illustrious Brother here,*
No bold Assassinate need fear,
Here is no harmfull Weapon found,
Nothing but Cupids *Darts, and Beauty here can wound.*

II.

How gratefull do's this Scene appear,
To us that might too justly fear
We never should have seen again,
Ought Bright, but Armour on the Plain?
Ne're in their Chearfull garb to have seen the Fair,
While all with melting Eyes, and wild dishevell'd hair
Had mourn'd their Brothers, sons, and Husbands slain.
These dusky shadows make this Scene more Bright,
The Horrour adds to the Delight.

This

This Glorious Pomp our ſpirits chears, from hence
We lucky Omens take, new happineſs Commence.

III.

Thus, when the gathering clouds a ſtorm prepare,
And their black Force Aſſociate *in the Air:*
(Endeavouring to Eclipſe that Bounteous Light,
Who with Kind warmth, and Powerfull Rays,
Them, to that Envy'd height,
From their mean native Earth did raiſe)
A thoughtfull ſadneſs ſits on all,
Expecting where the full-charg'd clouds will fall:
But if the Heavenly Bow
Deckt like a gawdy Bride appears,
And all Her various Robes diſplays,
Painted by th' conquering Sun's triumphant Rays,
It Mortals drooping ſpirits chears,
Freſh joy, new light each viſage wears:
Again the ſeaman truſts the Main,
The jocund ſwains their Coverts leave again:
Again in pleaſant warbling notes,
The chearfull Poets of the woods extend their tuneſull throats.

IV.

Then, then my Muſe raiſe with the Lyre thy Voice,
And with thy lays make fields and woods rejoyce,
For lo! the Heavenly Pledge appears,
And in bright Characters the Promiſe bears.
The Factious Deluge ſhall prevail no more,
In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
Buffet in vain the unmov'd ſhore,
Her Charms, and CHARLES *his Power, their Fury ſhall aſſwage.*
See, ſee, how decently the baſhfull Bride
Do's bear Her Conqueſts, with how little Pride
She views that Prince the Captive of Her Charms,

Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that Powerfull Empire shake,
Before whose Arms when Great Gustavus *led,*
The frighted Roman *Eagles fled.*

V.

What ever then was His desire,
His Cannons did command in fire.
Now He himself for pity prays,
And do's his Love in timerous whispers breath,
While all His spoils, and Glorious wreaths
Of Laurel, at Her feet the vanquisht Warriour lays.
Great Prince, by that submission you'll gain more,
Than e're your haughty Courage won before,
Here on your knees a greater Trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunsdens *famous Plain,*
Where when your Brother fired by success,
Too daringly upon the foe did press,
And was a Captive made; then you alone
Did with your single Arm support the Throne.
Your generous Breast with Fury boyling o're
Like Lightning through their scatter'd Troops you flew,
And from th' amazed foe the Royal Prize in Triumph bore.

VI.

You have your Ancestors in this one Act outdone,
Tho' their successfull Arms did this whole Isle o'rerun,
They to Revenge a Ravish't Lady came,
You to enjoy one spotless as your Fame.
Before them as they march't the Country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their Curses, as they flew.
On the bleak shore expecting You they stand,
And with glad shouts conduct to Land.

Through

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Through gaping crowds you're forc't to preſs your way,
While Virgins ſigh, the young men ſhout, and old ones pray.
And with this Beauteous Lady you may gain,
(This Lady that alone
Of greater value is than any Throne)
Without that Rapine, Guilt, and Hate,
By a calm and even Fate,
That Empire, which they did ſo ſhort a while maintain.

Charles Montagu, *Fellow-Commoner and A.M. Trin. Coll.*

AUſpicious Pair! ---what words ſhall I employ;
While my ſwift thoughts crowd in tumultuous joy?
Auſpicious Pair! whom pitying Pow'rs deſign'd,
The Gentle cure to all the Ills we find;
What could the Heav'ns do more? the Heav'ns that ſmile
Upon their Albion *their much Lov'd Iſle.*
'Tis He, who has ſo long been aw'd by Fate,
To fix our Delos *and confirm our State;*
The Godlike He, to whoſe Immortal Race
Europe *ſhall owe Her Princes and Her Peace.*
He---but the Swede *can beſt His Worth declare,*
How quick in Councell, and how bold in War.
The Swede, *ſtill ſadly mindfull of that day,*
When the Brave Youth, like Thunder forc't His way;
At once retreiv'd a Brother, and a Crown,
And gather'd all the Lawrels Great Guſtavus *won.*
'Tis She, the ſpotleſs She who can alone
For Englands *late Ingratitude attone,*
Who ev'n in Hell could ſuch reſpect create,
She was exempted from the Publick Fate.
(Ah wretched Iſle! where is thy Glory gone,
Was this thy faith to the Bleſt Martyrs Son?
Ah! let it not to foreign Lands be known,

Leſt we be curſt by the leſs Barbarous Moor,
And ev'ry Nation ſhun thy' inhoſpitable ſhore.)
Thrice Happy Prince! ſee what Thou ſhalt poſſeſs,
And in Her Face ſurvey Thy happineſs;
There may'ſt Thou read Her Race, for in Her eyes
Both CHARLES *His Mercy and His Thunder lyes.*
(Thoſe eyes to which Love do's more Conqueſts owe,
Then to His Mothers Ceſtos, *or His Bowe.)*
There dwells at once all that is Good and Great,
Sweetneſs and Majeſty in Humble State.
At once they Threaten, and at once Invite,
Encourage, yet chaſtiſe too bold delight,
While Fear and Joy in every Breaſt do move
The Gentleſt awe, and moſt reſpectfull Love;
Such is Her Matchleſs Beauty, ſuch You'll find
The bright Perfections of Her ſacred Mind;
So that we well may think the Lovely Whole,
Thus ſweetly faſhion'd by th' informing Soul.
Had the Gods granted the Wiſe Man's requeſt,
And in ſome Humane ſhape bright Virtue dreſt;
Such had She ſeem'd, ſo charming had She ſhone,
And He had ſeen, had lov'd, and been undone.
But whither am I led thro' unknown ways!
O whither my delighted Wonder ſtrays!
Still dull known truths mock my returning toil,
Sink every thought, and every figure ſpoil.
Yet tho' in vain we our low Verſe employ
In the ſweet raptures of officious Joy,
The Britiſh *Virgins ſhall relate Her Praiſe,*
When they their Souls to Nobleſt Wonders raiſe;
Her ſhall they name, when they would beſt declare
What is ſupreamly Good, ſupreamly Fair.
Methinks e're ten full Months compleat their round,
Methinks I ſee our eager wiſhes crown'd,
A ſmiling Infant do's His Beams diſplay,
Sweet as the dawning light of new born day;

Young

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Young Phœbus *ſuch in His firſt luſtre ſhone,*
E're His encreaſing rays were fully grown;
So ſure the infant God of Love appear'd,
E're Mortals His unpractis'd Arrows fear'd.
Beware ye Britiſh *Virgins, ah! beware,*
He ſhall repriſals make in Loves ſoft War,
Revenge the cruelties of the ungentle Fair.
See on the blooming Beauty of His Face,
His Fathers Majeſty ſheds manly Grace.
See how His eyes with the ſame air do move,
With the ſame flame His Mother kindles Love.
So in His Soul too are their Virtues join'd,
And with mixt Grace compoſe the Beauty of His mind.
Such the Parnaſſian *Laurel ſweetly ſpreads*
Its tender arms beneath the Parent ſhades,
And by its Youthfull Vigour do's Preſage
Eternal Greeneſs in a Riper Age.

John Adams, B. A. *Fellow of* Kings College.

NEar to the place where Cham *do's ſlowlier glide,*
To gaze on the New Fabrick by his ſide;
And do's with his ſubmiſſive waves adore,
The riſing Beauties of the Learned ſhore.
A Grove of Venerable Elms do's grow,
That proudly view their tops i'th' ſtream below.
Here Cowley *on the flowry bank has lain,*
And play'd to th' liſtning Nymphs in ſuch a ſtrain,
As ſweld the current higher then before,
Whilſt the pleas'd waves came crowding to the ſhore.
Our Poet here on a green Turf was ſpread,
The Marriage-ſong employ'd his thoughtfull head;
When lo! to's cloſed ſight there did appear
In ſolemn garb Merlin *the* Britiſh *Seer.*

"A

" *A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe he wore,*
Which in dark Characters the Hiſtory bore
Of all that ſhall Be, Are, or Were before.
The Reverend Bard mov'd in a chearfull Pace,
Unwonted ſmiles did ſmooth his dusky Face.
His ancient Breaſt unruly Joy did ſhake,
At laſt He gave it vent, and thus He ſpake.
O happy Country! how do I Rejoyce
That Thy fair Princeſs makes ſo bleſt a choice?
This is the happieſt Day Thou e're did'ſt ſee,
But that which gave Thee CHARLES, *& that which gave Thee Me.*
A thouſand rolling years ago, this Day
Chear'd my Prophetick Breaſt: tho' then it lay
Obſcur'd in Miſts, and ſhadows did deny
A Perfect view, to my all piercing eye.
Come, Youth, to Thy enlightned eyes I'll ſhew,
What mighty mighty Bleſſings hence ſhall flow.
Here in this Mirror, this fam'd Magick glaſs,
Thou ſhalt behold all Revolutious paſs,
Here Britomart *did* Arthegal *eſpy,*
And the brave Race of Her long Progeny.
See'ſt thou that Youth leaning upon His ſpear?
How full of manly Grace, how void of fear?
His Mothers Charms Triumphant in each part,
And yet His Fathers Courage in His heart:
That's Their Firſt-born, the early Pledge of Heaven,
The Earneſt of the future bleſſings given.
How bravely in that inward ſcene He fights?
And do's maintain His injur'd Grandſires Rights.
They fly, they fly, the Rebel Hoſt is gone,
And now how brightly ſhines th' Illuſtrious Sun?
See Their next comfort, ſee the Heavenly Maid,
What wars for Her 'twixt Amorous Kings are made!
To Her the fickle French *ſhall conſtant Prove,*
And the ſtiff Spaniard *ſuppl'y bend with Love,*
The Perſian *ſhall adore this Weſtern Sun,*
And all Mankind unto Her ſway'ny run.

That

That Warlike Youth ſhall o're the Sea command,
Argiers *ſhall tremble at His thundering hand,*
Thoſe Thieves no longer ſhall infeſt the Main,
None of their cruel ſlavery complain.
What Queſne *with noiſy Bombes ſhall never do;*
That Vict'ry, Prince, the Fates reſerve for You.
Behold that blooming Face, that Lovely Boy,
That is too Great to be a laſting Joy,
What hopes? what promiſes thoſe looks diſplay?
But hard Fate ſnatches them, and Him away.
Now with both eyes view Him that mounts the Stage,
Wonder o'th' world, and Glory of His Age.
Now conquers France *before H' has reach'd His Noon,*
Now threatens an Eclipſe to th' Turkiſh Moon.
Bizantium! *where's* Bizantium *to be found?*
That and the Ottoman *Empire's on the ground.*
See vanquiſht Mahomet *grinning through a cloud,*
And howling Devils tell their grief aloud.
Whil'ſt Heaven and Earth with joyfull Muſick ring,
And Angels Io Pæan Io Pæan *ſing.*
No longer could the raviſh't Poet bear,
But the unweildy Pleaſure wak't Him here,
And burſt the charm; away the Airy Hoſt
Fled, and th'account of future Kings was loſt.

James Montagu, *Fellow-Commoner of* Trinity College.

To His moſt Excellent MAJESTY.

Dread Sr,

WHoſe Hand Three mighty Kingdoms ſways,
But whom a mightier Realm of Hearts obeys;

Hail,

Encomium Cantabrigiense.

Hail, Gracious Prince; whose Sacred Person knows
No Enemies, but such, as Heaven oppose;
Whose Head a Prosp'rous Oak *from Death conceal'd;*
And so became the Monarch of the Field:
For whose Dear Safety Thy Newmarket *burn'd*
A willing Sacrifice, nor Dying mourn'd:
Thrice Hail, Great Lord! Now Heaven has heard our Prayers,
And pitying views Thy Sufferings and Thy Cares:
Thine Enemies are now confounded all,
And underneath Thy Conqu'ring Genius fall:
And Heaven resolves to fix Thy Royal Name
Firm, as the Center, Steady, as this Frame.
Happy the Man, that's to Thy Blood ally'd;
And takes Fair Anne *and Virtue for His Bride;*
Grafted on Thee for ever he shall live:
Such Influence Thy Royal Stars can give.
Happy, Great George! *For* CHARLES *has made Thee so;*
When this rare Gift on Thee He did bestow;
A Gift, which Emperours with Pride would take
As well for CHARLES *His, as for* Anna's *sake,*
Nor less for York's; *who is, in all, that's Good,*
As near ally'd to CHARLES, *as in His Blood:*
York, *Bold, as Honour; Glorious as Renown;*
A King in Goodness, tho' without a Crown:
Belov'd by Heaven, and spar'd by greedy Waves;
Tho' daily Martyr'd by the Men He Saves,
Hard-hearted Jews, twice Fools and treble Knaves!
Thee, York, *Thy Godlike Brother still secures,*
Repaid in Thee for all that He endures:
He ventures all to save Thy Life alone,
And that sav'd Life of Thine preserves His Throne.
How well doth Heaven Great York's *Fair Offspring join*
With this brave Hero of the Danish *Line!*
For such, as York, *to Royal* CHARLES *is known,*
An unambitious Saviour of the Crown:
Such Thee, Great George, *the flying* Swedes *confest,*
When by Thy thundring Loyalty oppress,

Thy

Thy Captive Brother gladly they reſtor'd,
Compell'd to yield their Conqueſt to Thy Sword.
That Generous Deed, that York-*like Act of Thine*
Deſerv'd a Bride, as Anna *Fair,*----
In whom a thouſand Heavenly Graces ſhine.
Fret Envy, grin Rebellion, champ thy Jaws,
Infernal Treaſon, and Thou, Good Old Cauſe;
*The Sham of crying--*Papiſt--*now is known;*
Now Solemn Leagues are out of Faſhion grown;
Aſſociation*'s thread bare, Conſults vain:*
For Heaven is Wiſe and Good; and CHARLES *muſt Reign.*
Tho' all His Mercies can't His Life ſecure
From thoſe, who nothing Heavenly can endure,
Who murder'd His bleſt Father, and had done
As much to Chriſt, *had He ſupply'd His Throne;*
Yet Heaven ſecures to Us His happy Reign,
And Faithfull York; *and* York*'s Brave Son, the* Dane.
Long live, Dear Prince! And now attend Thy Fate,
Thy Years how many and how Fortunate;
For oft inſpired Verſe hath truths foretold;----
My Grounds are good, tho' the Attempt is bold.
The Name of George *an happy Omen brings*
To England *always, and to* England*'s Kings;*
Witneſs that Champion Saint, whoſe Glorious Name
Thy Garter Knights with Courage doth enflame,
And brighteſt ſhines in th' Golden Rolls of Fame;
Whoſe Genius *ſtill doth o're Thy Warlike Land,*
Still o're Thy Conqu'ring Armies doth command:
Nor can Great CHARLES *forget that High-born Soul,*
Whoſe Conduct did th' Uſurper's ſpight controle;
He with an handfull all Thy Realms did awe;
By th' Terrour of His Arms reſtor'd the Law;
In Clouds and Miſts He, like the Thund'rer flew,
And all the Rebels mountains overthrew;
Scarce ſeen, till ſeen a Saviour of this Land;
Yet more His Wiſdom conquer'd, than His Hand:

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

For He but ſhook His Sword and all was ſtill;
He brought home CHARLES, *and yet no blood did ſpill:*
It pleas'd Thy Godlike Soul, that Thy Return
Did make no Orphans weep, nor Widows mourn:
And to This George *this Great Reward did fall;*
His Countreys Father, Him did Father call.
And now Thy Neptune, *that beholds the Land*
Leſs fixed, than the Waves He doth command,
Since Peers and Dukes, tho' from Thy Blood deriv'd,
Againſt Thy Life that horrid Plot contriv'd,
Thy Neptune *brings Thee One, may countervail*
The Loſs of all, who did in Duty fail,
Another George, *to be Thy Brother's Son,*
To ſpread Thy Name and guard Thy threatned Throne.
So when the leſſer Gods did Rebels prove
Againſt the Juſter Scepter of great Jove;
An hundred-handed Man, by Thetis *brought,*
Step'd up for Jove *and ſav'd him from the Plot:*
The Father of the Gods for his Reward,
Gave him his Neice *and kept him for his Guard.*

Joſhua Barnes, M. A. *Fellow of* Emmanuel College.

WEll! then we're ſafe; and all our careſull fears
(Like ghaſtly Ghoſts when the bright Morn appears)
Haſt to be gone, for now all Plots may ceaſe,
And gently yield to a perpetual Peace:
For George *the Great riſes ſo Ray'd with light,*
The Fiends run trembling to eternal night.
Long have we Honour'd and Ador'd Thy Name,
As yet in Records of uncertain Fame;
But what great things were ever heard or ſaid,
The Mighty Man, this Iſles great Patron did,

Tho'

Tho' ſcarce believ'd, now verifi'd ſhall be,
They being all but Prophecies of Thee.
He, as they ſay, the fiery Dragon ſlew;
So ſhall the many-headed Beaſt by You
Be ſlain; th' innocent, the fair Sabina *He*
By th' mighty Power of His Arm did free
From killing Fears, and almoſt certain Death:
So from the greedy jaws and pois'nous breath
Of Factious malice, ('tis above decreed)
Our Virgin Church ſhall by Your hand be freed.
But how? (tho' all Your Valour do approve)
This muſt be done by th' mighty Power of Love.
(No Hero ever ſure foundation laid,
Who was not firſt Himſelf thus Captive made)
From vain Aſtrology then let's not hear
Of ſtrange Conjunctions in this Fatal year;
That Jove *and* Saturn *ſadly have combin'd,*
And threaten mighty Changes ſo conjoin'd:
If ought their rare Conjunction do portend;
'Tis good; 'tis this great Bleſſing they won'd ſend:
But if 'tis ill they mean, yet let's not fear,
More fair Conjunctions ſhew a happy Year;
What ills ſo e're the Stars portend above,
They'll all be counter-influenc'd by Love.

Thomas Lawrence, M. A. *Fellow of* Kings College.

I.

BLeſt be Ye all, Ye Powers above,
Ye bright Seraphick flames of Love;
Bleſt be the hour, (and ſure it muſt be bleſt)

When from Your skies, Ye ſweetly did diſpence
The happy powerfull influence,
That gently touch'd each Princely Lovers breaſt;
And with an equal fire
Did mutual warmth to both inſpire:
It was a Noble Publick Good, and all
Confeſs the bleſſing Epidemical;
The vigorous heat through every part does move,
And tunes our Diſcords to harmonious Love;
The numerous fears, and jealouſies of State,
And all our lowd Diviſions ſilent lie
United in the Happy Marriage tie:
Thus, when wild Chaos *in confuſion ſtrove,*
Love ſpoke, and warring nature's faction ceas't,
And the Diſſenting Elements were wedded into peace.
Preſerve (kind Stars) your Darling care,
Thrice Happy in each other may Ye be,
Like the firſt Heavenly Pair;
E're ſhort-liv'd innocency fled,
And ſin debauch'd the Marriage-bed;
Whilſt You are all Mankind to Her, and She
Is all Fair-Womankind to Thee.
And may Ye ſo in Life and Love be bleſt,
May Ye, O! may Ye be ſo truly One,
As Adam *ſcarce was more, when he alone*
Both ſexes in himſelf poſſeſt:
Almighty Love, (for Love we know
Did at a Marriage his firſt Wonder ſhow,)
(May Love be ſtill the welcome Gueſt,
At every Nuptial Feaſt)
Almighty Love by the ſame Power Divine,
All Your mean Joys of earth, to Heavenly Bliſs refine,
And turn each Watry tear of ſorrow, into chearfull Wine.

II.

Receive (Great George*) with decent Pride*
The mighty Bleſſings of Thy Beauteous Bride;

'Twas

'Twas the laſt thing kind Heaven to man could give;
And now's the beſt, You could receive:
Denmark *ne're half the Riches found*
In all the Prizes of her Wealthy Sound;
No, nor even when the Imperious Dane
Our vaſſal'd Iſle in baſe ſubjection held:
And coward Britain *long complain'd*
Under the Lordly Victors chain'd:
Great was the Fame of that Triumphant day,
And Noble was the deed; but bravely You
Do all their former Victories outdo,
And whilſt (Great S^r) You humble homage pay
To Your fair Victor, all confeſs it more
Thus to lye Conquer'd now, than Conquer heretofore.
Kindly (Bleſt Pair) from Your high Orb beſtow,
Your chearfull light to us below:
United now with mightier influence ſhine.
Thus two fair ſtreams, which whilſt they ſingly ran,
Each feebly bleſt ſome neighbouring ſtrand;
But when the Amorous Currents chance to Join,
The marri'd channels ſwell into a flood,
And now become an Univerſal Good:
The profitable River all around,
Diſpences numerous Bleſſings to the Fertile ground.

III.

Windſor *the brighteſt ſeat of Fame,*
The juſt portraiture of its Maſter's Name;
That Monarch-like above the valley ſtands,
And awfull Homage all around commands,
That does from far the lab'ring eye invite,
And with juſt reverence fills the wondering ſight;
Majeſtick all without, and glorious all within
The Royal Magazin,
Where natures Richeſt Ornaments are ſeen

In ſuch a various ſtore,
As CHARLES *His breaſt can only number more:*
Windſor *the Heavenly ſphear*
Where Godlike CHARLES *in native light does riſe,*
And like the Sun the Monarch of the ſkies,
Darts ſhining luſtre to his Subject Stars:
Windſor, *if Fame ſpeak truth, and thou*
Thy riſing Glories to the Dane *do'ſt owe,*
Here gratefully thy beſt Rewards beſtow,
And to thy long Heroick train
Enroll This mighty Daniſh *Name;*
Tell Him, how many Sons of Fame
Long ſince with Pride Thy circling Honours ware,
Tell Him, the World to Him can give no more,
But only He, that gave the Marriage Knot before:
May Love and Honour always bleſs
Our Noble Warriour's bold Succeſs,
Whilſt He a Fairer Daphne *does purſue,*
May He Apollo's *ill-ſtar'd Love out-do;*
And bravely get a Miſtreſs, and a Laurel too.

IV.

Since Heaven to Mighty CHARLES *denies a Son,*
At length to fill His empty Throne:
(Impoveriſh't Heaven in CHARLES *ſent all its ſtore,*
And after CHARLES *could ſend no more;)*
Unbounded Nature, and Induſtrious Art
Did All their Richeſt Graces here impart
To frame the Heroick man elaborately Great,
And now grown poor and bankrupt ever ſince,
Unable to redeem the vaſt Expence,
And bleſs the Parent with an equal Son,
Scorn'd an inferior Gift, and Bravely ſent Him none.
Since Heaven from Godlike York *does take*
Its ſhort-liv'd bleſſings back;

Since

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Since to the Great Naſſavian *Pair*
Heaven ſtill denies a Princely Heir;
'Tis plain, Heaven in You two does ſhow
The never failing Springs,
From whence eternally muſt flow
The numerous ſtream of long ſucceeding Kings:
And if we modeſtly may gueſs,
Such Your brave Firſt-born is ordain'd by Fate,
Like Hercules *in His Young cradle, Great;*
Such vigorous force, and ſuch ſucceſs
Shall on His infant Valour wait:
The two great Serpents that infeſt our State,
(This from the Tyber *breed, that from the* Leman-*lake)*
Shall feel His ſtrength, and yield to conquering death,
And to His no leſs Conquering Arm, their poiſonous breath.

William Ayloffe, *of* Trinity College.

THe Sacred Knot of Love is ty'd; and now
Triumphant Joy ſits on each Loyal Brow;
Th' officious Court the Noble Lovers greet,
And conſcious Bells ecchо through ev'ry ſtreet.
Thoſe rebel tongues, which once now'd dare to ſay,
The Stuarts *Royal Line will ſoon decay,*
Recant; becauſe their wiſhes don't ſucceed,
And put Gods Providence into their Creed.
A Prince of Wales *is all the Nations prayer;*
But if we can't enjoy that wiſh'd for Heir;
Let George's *Iſſue fill the Royal Throne,*
If You Great James *don't bleſs us with a Son:*
Perhaps 'tis Heav'ns unſearchable Deſign,
Once more to give us Kings o'th' Daniſh Line.

When

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

When firſt, before the King, *this* Hero *came,*
His Graceſull Preſence far outwent His Fame;
Gods Image here, which does the Scepter ſway,
Such things as theſe to Him was heard to ſay.
Welcome, Brave Prince, to Britains *fruitfull Iſle,*
On which Indulgent Heaven thus daigns to ſmile;
Nature does all her Treaſures here unfold,
Except th' unneceſſary Mines of Gold:
Our Laws, like thoſe from Sinah's *top proclaim'd,*
Are for convenience, not oppreſſion fram'd:
Not ſo ſeverely on the Subject laid,
As thoſe the Saviour of the world obey'd.
Our pure Religion ſuch, as did diſtill
From Jeſus's *lips upon the Sacred Hill.*
Yet, like the Jews when they on Manna *fed,*
Unſtable men murmure for courſer bread;
They ſet up Idols both in Church and State,
And with Mechanick tongues Rebellion prate;
Study my deareſt kindred to betray,
And barb'rouſly the Lords Anointed *ſlay.*
At which the Generous Prince, with horrour ſhook,
And thrice His trembling breaſt, for Anger ſtrook;
At length His Reaſon through His Paſſion broke,
And thus, with a becoming fear, He ſpoke.
Dread S^r^, *Your foes are the* Almighties *too;*
None can be true to God, and falſe to You.
Their curſed Plots are crumbled into duſt,
A ſign their Cauſe was neither Good nor juſt.
Diſtreſs'd in Exile, You maintain'd the Truth,
Amidſt temptations apt to biaſs Youth;
Then God Your righteous Cauſe did plainly own,
And plac'd You on Your Martyr'd Father's *Throne:*
So long as You defend Your ancient Faith,
Still Heav'n for You Deliverances hath.
So ſpoke the Prince: then all the liſtning crowd,
In wonted ſignals, ſhow'd their Praiſe aloud.

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

If I wou'd hearken to Poetick Rage,
I cou'd ten thouſand Glorious things Preſage
Of ſuch a Royal Pair; whoſe Virtues ſtand
The faireſt Copy to the British *Land:*
In ev'ry Grace of Body, and of Mind,
In deep Deſpair, They leave the World behind.

Thomas Walker, *Fellow of* Sidney Suſſex College.

I.

SEe, Mighty Prince, where at Your feet does lie
The whole Poetick Company,
Led by a bold Addreſſing Muſe,
Who have no Lives nor Fortunes to produce;
Yet the whole Grove they wou'd of all its bays bereave,
Its Lawrel all into one Chaplet weave,
If thus Your Temples ſafe they cou'd engage
From the mad Thunder of this Factious Age,
Above the murmurings of this troubled air,
(Cou'd they) Your well-built Fame, they'd bear,
Thro' the ſtill paths of the ſerener ſky,
Proud of the precious burden wou'd they fly,
And thence proclaim in never-dying Rhimes,
Your everlaſting Name to diſtant Ages, diſtant Climes.

II.

Our Muſe and all the Corporation
Of Phœbus *ſons, but now had juſt begun*
In Satyr *and all-killing lines*
To vent our angry minds,

To pour the dregs of our Poetick Rage
Upon this Plotting, unrelenting Age:
Our Pens were dip't in Gall, the eager Dart
Was ready at the leaſt command to ſtart.
When from the Lord *of our* Society,
Whoſe Grace we hold our Charter by,
A ſpeedy Summons came,
That to Your Illuſtrious Name
A nobler Tribute there was due;
Our Inſtruments of Death away we threw,
We turn'd our Satyrs *forked tongues*
Strait into ſoft and Nuptial ſongs:
Our rough Iambick *ſtream began to ſlide*
Into the gentle Elegiack *tide;*
Our Muſes now like Bridall virgins woo'd
Around Your Royal Conſort crowd,
Nor do the baſhfull Siſters long to pry
Into Love's grand Myſtery;
But at a diſtance ſtand with awfull Grace,
And thus with tuneful breath ſing o're the Sacred place:
"Alpheus *ſo the coy Nymph did purſue*
"*To the* Sicilian *ſhore, and there his vows renew;*
"*His vigorous flame alive did keep*
"*Thro' all the fountains of the deep;*
"*Thoſe heaps of waves, and ſources of the Main*
"*No more advantage o're His fires cou'd gain,*
"*Then the cold ſtorms and winter nights*
"*That play and revel round Heav'ns ever-burning lights.*

III.

Accurſed Land! that ſtill on Plots da'ſt feed,
As ſome on dirt and coals and weed,
What's this but the Green-ſickneſs of the State,
Which poiſon ſucks, and doth what's wholſome hate?
The Sea and Air itſelf, when Princes Wed,
Shou'd be as ſtill as when bleſt Halcyons *breed.*

Pity,

Pity, Great Prince, Your Bridal Bed ſhou'dſt grace
Where Tempeſts and wild Earthquakes ſhake the Land:
Oh cou'd we now command
Out of the Sea an Infant Iſle to ſtand,
As for Latona *once was done,*
(And 'twas but once that Miracle was ſhown)
There You might ſafely reign
Over the ſtill Pacifick Main,
There You might ſecurely lye
Far from the threats of daring Anarchy,
Far from the noiſe of Birthright, Priviledge, *and* Property.
This Factious Spawn to our long wars we owe,
That flood theſe bleſſings did on us beſtow;
Tho' they at laſt did ceaſe, and ſo ſeem'd kind,
Yet ſtill they left theſe curſed dregs behind.
As when full Nile *o'reflows the* Ægyptian *Land,*
It leaves a ſlimy mud upon the ſand,
Tho', like the Sun, our CHARLES *His influence ſhed*
Upon this mud, upon this Faction's head,
Tho' He His beams of Mercy never did refuſe,
Yet what but Frogs and Toads ſhou'd mud and dirt produce?
Whilſt from better ground we ſee
The everlaſting Fruits of bleſſed Loyalty.

IV.

Thrice Happy, CHARLES, *by this Alliance made;*
When home-bred foes Thy Crown invade.
So we, when Rebel humours get the day,
And to our heart their formal Seiges lay;
Strait call in forreign forces, & ne're refuſe
Of Herbs and Plants the Sovereign juice;
With this we uſe to quell the dangerous furie,
With this ſecure the Imperial ſeat of Life.
Thus when the Sons of Earth with Heaven made war,
The Thunderer ſummon'd all his Aids from far;

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Mars *left his Star,* Sol *from his Orb did move,*
And haſted to ſecure the doubtfull Throne of Jove.
May You lie ſafely fenc'd, Bleſt Pair,
From all the Storms that rend the groaning Air:
Within thoſe Hallow'd curtains n'ere let Drum,
Or noiſe of War, or home-bred Factions come;
But when as Jove *his own home left above,*
And here below made Love,
A Jubilee thro' all the world was kept,
His dreadfull Carriages and Thunder ſlept;
Each Mortal here below, above each Heavenly power
Kept Holy-day to their great Emperour,
For a while Fate it ſelf threw by its book,
And of the world's affairs ſcarce notice took.

Charles Cleeve, A. B. *of* Sidney
Suſſex College.

SInce our late Praiſes eccho'd through the North,
And Daniſh *Heroes heard of* England's *worth,*
Heard of our Britiſh Helen's *ſpreading Name,*
Whoſe Beauty is the chiefeſt Theam of Fame:
The Mighty George, *a Prince of Royal Birth,*
Deſign'd by Heav'n to Triumph upon earth,
Fill'd with a Generous Flame, an amorous fire,
Diſdain'd to languiſh in a faint deſire.
His ſwelling Paſſions ſcorn'd to be confin'd
In dreams and fancies of a feav'riſh mind:
Was not content with th' Platoniſts *to ſee*
Her Picture, or a colder Imag'ry,
(Thoſe courſe and feigned Repreſentatives
That Art and few days Painting eas'ly gives)

Ben

But in Ecſtatick Amours would enjoy
Thoſe Sweets which they but faintly typifie:
Prince-like would feaſt on more Seraphick *ſights,*
And riot in a Canaan *of delights.*
When Love thus revell'd in His Royal Breaſt,
And ſoftly robb'd His ſmoother hours of reſt;
He left His native ſoil which long had been
To all His vertues a glad conſcious ſcene,
And paſs'd the crooked watry wilderneſs,
Outbraving Monſters in their blackeſt dreſs.
He heard of Anaks *in Rebellion,*
Of Shimei's, Zimri's, *and falſe* Abſalon:
Yet ſtill He nobly baniſht fawning fear,
Through ſtrong belief that Sweetneſs flowed here.
The greateſt Terrours ne're could make Him droop,
Whilſt pow'rfull raptures buoy'd His Spirits up.
His flying wiſhes chid the ſleeping Seas,
And taught the ſluggiſh billows how to pleaſe;
Till the officious waves began to roar,
And after pompous circlings o're and o're,
Brought their Commander to our Happy Shore.
Not girt with th' ſword of Joſhua *to affright,*
But with a Goſpel meekneſs to unite
Diſſenting Jew *and Factious* Hebronite.
For He muſt needs our Union emprove,
Who makes it all His buſineſs here to Love.
To love a Princeſs, whoſe Almighty Charms
Exceed the circle of anothers Arms.
Whom all our infant Logick can't define,
She's ſo exalted and ſo much divine.
For humane fancy can no more be fit
To comprehend Her Virtues and Her Wit,
Than finite to contain an Infinite.
May they Great Hymen's *bleſſings always find:*
May helpfull Juno *be for ever kind.*

May

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

May all Their after-minutes ſoftly move,
Soft as the breathings of a ſleeping Dove,
And each be Happy in each others Love.

John Newton, A.B. of St Johns College.

An *Epithalamium* to the Heroick Prince GEORGE, and His Illuſtrious Princeſs the Lady ANNE.

HEnce each perfidious Look and clouded Face,
Zealous Hypocriſie, and dull Grimace;
Let there appear no treach'rous Sorrow now,
But willing ſmiles adorn each Loyal Brow;
In joyfull Hymns ſing the Great Hymen's praiſe,
Above the meaner pitch your Fancies raiſe.
Let grateſull Pæans your glad Triumphs bear
Thro' all the Mazes of each yielding Sphere,
Untill the Wond'ring Gods peep forth to ſee
The Sacred Nuptials grand Solemnitie;
Nay let there be a common Jubilee,
One Univerſal Soul of Harmony:
Let nought be ſeen but what's Serene and Gay,
And harmleſs mirth the Glorious Rites diſplay.
Immortal Wreaths of Flow'rs ye Muſes bring,
To the Chaſte Bride an humble Offering;
Where e're Her gentle feet ſhall pleaſe to tread,
The ways with ſmoaking Gumms and Roſes ſpread,
And for Their bliſs the Bridall Bed prepare,
Soſt as Sweet Zephyr's Gales, or whiſp'ring Air;

Soft

Soft as Their kind Embraces, or the Charms
Of Love when melting in its wiſh'd for Arms,
Whilſt equal fires do in Their Breaſts find room,
In pleaſing Raptures both are overcome;
Thus One being bleſt s'th' Other, both will move
Alike, united in Their Souls and Love,
And by ſuch mutual intercourſes find
The ſecret motions of each others Mind.
O happy Conſort! where two Souls thus meet,
And in pure Extaſies each other greet;
Where Love and Modeſty their Paſſions try,
In twining flames their willing fires comply.
Who can refuſe a Sacrifice to pay
For the vaſt Triumphs of this Happy day?
Prepare Bright Virgins all the choiceſt Gummes,
And cloud the Altars with Arabian *Fumes;*
That by ſuch ſweet Oblations all may know
How much to Heav'n you for this favour owe.
Bleſt be the Nuptials, bleſt the proſp'rous time,
That did Theſe Royal Souls ſo ſweetly joyn.
May lib'ral Heaven its kind influence give,
And make for ever Their firſt Joys ſurvive;
That as the rolling years do ſwiftly run,
Full Streams of Pleaſures may as ſwiftly come;
And thus new Bliſſes may They always prove,
Joyn'd by a Sacred and Immortal Love.

Io. Chatwin, *of* Emmanuel College.

Upon

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

Upon the Nuptials of the Prince of *Denmark* and the Lady ANNE.

AS through the ſtoud to our expecting ſhore,
The Royal Fleet the Pride of Denmark *bore;*
Nereus *commanded ſilence thro' the deep,*
And laid the Rage of Warring winds aſleep,
Whilſt thus He ſung and ſmooth'd the Oceans *brow,*
Go on in Triumph, Happy Hero, go,
Propitious Heaven that on Thy Valour ſmiles,
Prepares a full Reward for all Thy toils,
Thy Noble toils of War, that riſe above
All Recompence but Thy bright Anna's *Love:*
The faireſt Nymph of all the Britiſh *Race,*
Shall crown Thy Courage, and Thy Triumphs Grace,
For Her Thy heart, not cuſtom'd to obey,
Shall looſe its fierceneſs and juſt Homage pay;
Where e're She looks She makes a Heart a Prize,
And ready Victory attends Her eyes.
To Her Bright Form do's ſilver Thetis *yield,*
And Thou art Great as Peleus *in the field.*
Nor were Their Happy Nuptials grac'd more high,
When Gods deſcending left the empti'd ſkie,
Then ſhall be Thine, when mighty CHARLES *&* James
Shall bleſs Your Love, and ſhall unite Your Flames:
CHARLES *that o're all the watry Globe doth Reign,*
And lays His Laws o're the obedient Main:
And James *that in His Brothers Right hath dy'd,*
So oft with Hoſtile Bloud the ſwelling Tyde;
'Tis for Their Sakes my Waves thus gently flow,
And I thus ſing and bleſs You, as You go:

'Tis

Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis.

'Tis the laſt time that I to You ſhall ſing,
Or my glad Waves to Your attendance bring;
For when thoſe Wondrous Beauties You ſhall ſee,
That CHARLES, *&* James, *and Heaven deſign for Thee,*
Love ſhall confine Thee to that Happy Shore,
Nor ever let Thee part from that bleſt Iſland *more.*

James Compton, *Fellow-Commoner of* St Johns College.

On the Arrival, and Marriage of the PRINCE of *Denmark* and the Lady ANNE.

SAfe have the Gods conducted from afar
The Peacefull Prince, their Tutelary Care.
No bold oppoſing Wave deny'd the ſhore,
But proud o'th' Burden gently waſt him o're;
Thoſe Elements, once dreadfull, ſmil'd, while Gales,
Soft as His Conſorts Breath, ſalute His Sails.
The Seas this Glorious Recompence may boaſt,
A Recompence for all our Heroes loſt.
Meet Him, Fair Princeſs, meet with equal Charms,
And claſp the Noble Hero in Your Arms.
Embrace Him as a Preſent from above,
Embrace Him full of Vertue, full of Love.
By neighb'ring Princes envi'd, and admir'd,
By You to be Enjoy'd, by All deſir'd;
By all the Beauteous Sex deſir'd in vain;
For never braver Hero croſs't the Main.

Whom never any Force could yet ſubdue,
A Captive is to Beauty, and to You.
Who fiercer was in War? in times of Peace
Who ever did more Naturally pleaſe?
Faction is now no more; Who dares Rebell?
Storms He on Land, as well as Sea can quell.
Kind Fate deſign'd this Glorious Prince to bring
Joy to our Country, Safety to our King.
Happy the Womb that bore Him, ever bles't
The Paps that gave Him Nouriſhment, and Reſt.
But Loveliest Nymph, You ſhall be happier far
When many Royal Infants You ſhall bear;
Brave as their Father, as their Mother Fair;
To Each of which a Scepter ſhall be giv'n,
While Monarchs rule the World, and God rules Heav'n.

Henry Criſpe, A. B. *Fellow of* Kings College.

Upon the Marriage of Prince GEORGE and the Lady ANNE.

How ill rewarded are the Warriour's pains;
If empty Honour's all the Prize he gains?
He boldly plays at an unequal game;
For real dangers, wins imagin'd Fame.
But for Exalted Merit Heav'n more kind,
A more ſubſtantial Recompence does find;
Even over-rates the painfull toyl of Arms,
And Valour it repays with Beauties Charms.
Nor can (Great Prince,) in Hiſtories be ſhown
Actions, more brave and Noble, than Thy own;

Nay

Nor, for the dangers in rough War ſuſtain'd,
Was ever a more charming Beauty gain'd:
Not when Jove's *Son, for all his labours paſt,*
With Heaven, and Hebe *was repay'd at laſt:*
At whoſe High Nuptials all the Gods ſtood by
To grace the Pomp, and thro' the vaulted sky
Sent ſhouts of Joy that the bleſt knot was ti'd,
That made Immortal Youth *the* Hero's *Bride.*
Ah, Happy Prince! ſo much for War renown'd,
But happier far with Anna's *Beauties crown'd.*
Anna, *the faireſt Nymph that e're did grace*
(Tho' that was ever Fair) the Britiſh *Race.*
Poſſeſſing Her alone Thou art more bleſt,
Than the old Danes *that the whole Iſle poſſeſt:*
And if 'tis true, what ancient ſtories tell,
That by our Womens cruel hands they fell;
Sure Fate ordain'd that after Ages paſt,
A Britiſh *Lady ſhould ariſe at laſt,*
That ſhould by Love bleſs the Danes *offſpring more*
Than ever here they ſuffer'd by Revenge before.

Henry Felton, A. M. *Fellow of* St Peters College.

FINIS.